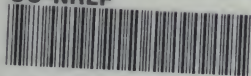


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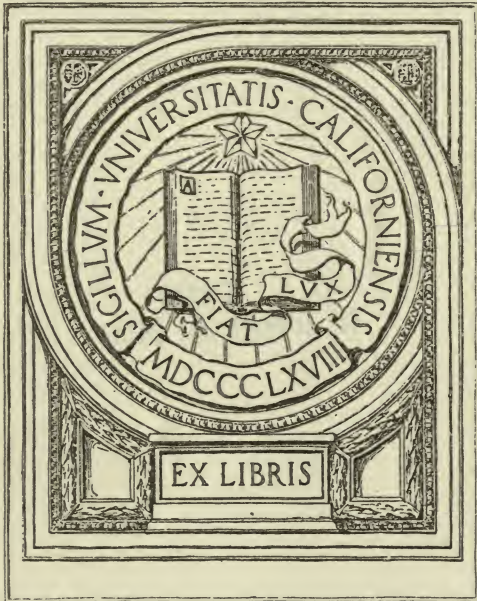
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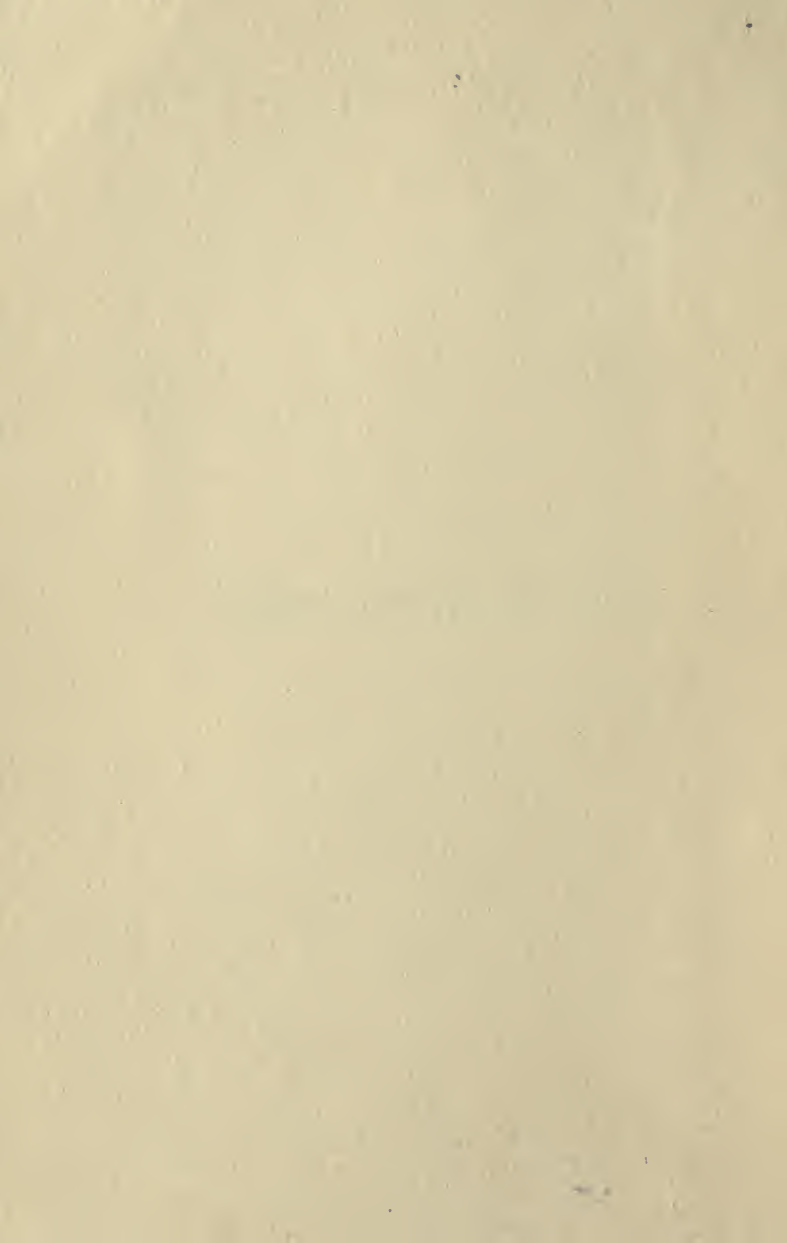
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**THE MISSISSIPPI POETS**



# THE MISSISSIPPI POETS

BY

ERNESTINE CLAYTON DEAVOURS

FORMERLY TEACHER IN THE CITY SCHOOLS OF LAUREL, MISSISSIPPI

22-15  
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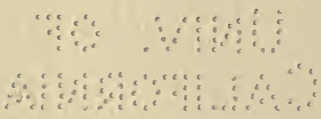
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**IN MEMORY OF ADELINE**





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## PREFACE

THE compilation of this volume has not been an easy task. It may not appear to the reader that the work has been difficult; but the difficulties in the way of its preparation have been many. The sources of information in regard to the poets of Mississippi are meager. The poems of several of them have never been published in book form, so had to be searched for by varying methods. In some instances, though the poems had been published in book form, the volumes were out of print and had to be looked for in several places before being found. Under such circumstances, one may realize that the correspondence necessary has been considerable.

The compilation is not complete. I wish it were. I can only say, touching this phase, that it is as complete as I could make it with the material I had at hand or could secure access to.

I considered it fair, for the purposes of this compilation, to consider as Mississippi poets both those who were born in the state and those who lived in the state for any considerable period. It may be that some other compiler would have adopted a different plan of classification; but I hope that mine may be considered proper. It is an easy matter to classify poets as English or French or Italian, and

so on; but there are complications when one attempts to determine a classification, as among more than forty states, all members of one Union, and all under one government, with all their peoples using one language. It is not out of the ordinary in the United States for a person to be born in one state, to be educated in another, to make his home during active life in another, and to pass his old age and to die in still another.

The biographical mention has been made as brief as possible.

If any one entitled to a place in this compilation has been omitted from it, I shall be genuinely sorry that such is the case. I hope that my attention may be called to the omission in order that, at a later date, the matter of the omission may be remedied.

It is my sincere hope that the publication of this little volume will help to awaken an interest in literary matters in Mississippi,—particularly in the literature of the state. If its publication shall do this, it will have accomplished my chief purpose.

In the preparation of this volume, I have had access to books as follows, in addition to practically all the published volumes of the authors from whose writings selections have been made:

*Library of Southern Literature, Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society, Dunbar Rowland's Mississippi* (in three volumes), Stedman's & Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature, Goodspeed's Memoirs of Mississippi, Stedman's American Anthology, Miss Clarke's Songs of the South, Miss For-*

---

rest's *Women of the South*, Dixon's *Poets and Poetry of Texas*, Cushman's *History of Choctaw, Chickasaw and Natchez Indians*, Manly's *Southern Literature*, Simms' *War Poetry of the South*, and Davidson's *Living Writers of the South*.

ERNESTINE CLAYTON DEAVOURS.

LAUREL, MISS.

November 1, 1920.



# MISSISSIPPI POETS

HENRY M. ABNEY

The compiler regrets that she has not been able to secure information in regard to this author. His volume of poems, entitled "Ballads and Sonnet Variations," was published in 1877.

## The Mound-Builders

IN those dim years forgotten of earth,  
What wast thou, land of dream and doubt?  
Where was the birthplace, where the birth,  
Of tribes who measured out  
Their mortal steps upon thy soil  
As ruler, vassal, friend, and foe,—  
Who lived to battle, till, and toil  
Ages ago?

If nations waned and nations grew,  
Within thy shores as ages came;  
If monarchs swayed and conquerors slew,  
And passions burned as flame,  
Time hath devoured the trace of all  
Save these, poor relics of their power,  
A mound of earth, a buried wall,  
An old stone tower.

Perhaps above where madly rang  
The voice of wild wave on thy shore,  
Some Sappho, martyr-lover, sang.  
But tho' these things be o'er,  
Yet time is just; from laureled heads  
He's loath to take the fair-won crown;  
Time reaps the ripened wheat, and treads  
The wild weed down.

Heroes, I ween, thou hadst to strike  
For thee, who might our greatest spurn,  
In bloody fields of battle, like  
Old Scotland's Bannockburn;  
Or wise half-gods, who ruled as gods  
Might rule, if they on earth did dwell,  
Not as the kings whose scourging rods  
Make earth a hell.

Alas, that they should be forgot  
If thus they were; but if I dream,—  
I wildly dream,—it matters not;  
'Twere better thus, I deem,  
That memory of their actions sleep,—  
That darkest death enwrap their name  
Than that their evil deeds should reap  
Inglorious fame.



## T. A. S. ADAMS

Thomas A. S. Adams was born in Noxubee county in 1839, and died suddenly in the city of Jackson in 1888. He was educated at the University of Mississippi and at Emory and Henry College, Virginia. After preparing for the ministry he became a minister of the Methodist church. He served as a soldier and chaplain in the Confederate Army. At different times he was engaged in teaching, and was deeply interested in the cause of education in the South. He held several important pastorates in Mississippi. He was the author of two volumes of poems: the first, published in 1875, entitled "Enscotidion; or Shadow of Death," the second, published in 1882, entitled "Aunt Peggy and Other Poems."

## Growing Gray

GROWING gray! A silver line  
Clotho spins me day by day,  
And as through the black they shine  
I am growing old they say!  
But I'm on the sunny slope  
Of the hills of middle life;  
Who would say, to mar my hope:  
"Atropos whets up her knife?"  
Yes, she whets as Clotho spins,  
Clips a fiber here and there;  
Day by day the locks she thins  
Of each smoothest, blackest hair,—



Black ones that will come no more  
After they have dropped away ;  
While the wrinkles tell me o'er,  
I am growing old and gray.

And is age so very nigh?  
Yesterday my heart was light.  
Now a film is on my eye,  
But 'tis ten o'clock at night,  
I am growing gray,—that's all ;  
'Tis an easy thing to read  
When the letters are not small ;  
But this type is bad indeed.  
I've a stiffness in my knee,—  
'Twas not there a year ago,—  
'Tis the climate's work, you see,  
And the lot of man below.  
There's a dullness at my heart,  
Labor brought that on to-day ;  
Rest will cause it to depart,  
Though it leaves me still more gray.

Growing gray, and grayer still !  
Looking in the glass I see  
Some one hobbling down the hill,  
Seeming to be hunting me.  
Bent his form, and dim his eye,  
How he prates of days agone !  
Begging of his memory  
One fresh picture,—only one :  
Only one, where Love and Hope  
Weave a fadeless wreath to crown

Youth's fair brow, whose pathway up  
Ne'er shall know a going down.  
But I look again,—I see  
Into night he fades away;  
Does he think while hunting me  
That I'm growing old and gray?  
Can the Future's ghost grow old?  
Toothless, and of faltering speech,  
Howsoe'er the Past may scold,  
Its young grandchild, out of reach,  
Hides behind the curtains bright  
In its games of hide and seek.  
Let me play with it to-night,  
Ere the roses leave my cheek.  
Down, ye bitter memories!  
Down, ye dark forebodings, down!  
In the blissful future rise  
Brightest visions ever known.  
Be they false or be they true,  
What is that, since you disdain  
Giving back the locks that grew  
Glossy on my brow in vain?  
O ye cares that on my track  
Hover like a beast of prey!  
I'll not try to drive you back,  
Though I'm growing old and gray.  
Growing gray! Beyond the sun  
Sinking slow o'er western slopes,  
Streams perennially run,  
Sparkling with immortal hopes;

And as on those streams I look,  
Glossy shine the locks as ever;  
Life is still the purling brook,—  
Not the noisy turbid river.  
Care is but a phantom grim,  
Drawn with charcoal on the wall.  
Who would be afraid of him,  
Whether seeming great or small?  
Faith sits calmly in the shade  
Laughing foolish cares away;  
And I smile to hear it said:  
“He is growing old and gray.”

Go, thou spinster sister, go!  
Spin for love or spin for spite!  
Let the locks still thinner grow!  
Let the threads grow still more white.  
Clip, thou scowling sister, clip!  
Clip it short or clip it long,  
I'll not let the moment slip  
For a glad and hopeful song.  
For the Graces, too, can spin,  
They can weave 'mid clouds and snows  
Veils of spotless white as thin  
As those that on the mount repose,  
When the angel of the night  
Stoops to change with that of day,  
And with its departing light  
Blends the golden with the gray.

## JULIA K. WETHERILL BAKER

Mrs. Baker was born in Woodville in 1858, and is now a resident of New Orleans, where for several years she has been connected with the press. She has been a frequent contributor to the leading magazines.

## When All Is Said

WHEN all is said,—when all our words  
Of love and pleasure, one by one,  
Have taken wing and flown like birds  
That seek the Southern sun,—

Naught shall be changed. The sweet delay  
Of April dusks, the rapturous dawn,  
The glowing height of golden day,  
Shall all go on, and on.

The birds shall shake the rosy bough  
With ecstasy of springtime song;  
And in the meadows, then as now,  
The grass shall crowd and throng.

There shall be flowers and flowers!—to waste  
Along the paths where victors tread,  
Or where the feasters, singing, haste,—  
And wreaths to deck the dead.

And not the less clear streams shall run  
Through secret haunts of woodland gloom;  
And I shall smile, as smiles the sun  
On cradle and on tomb.

When all is said,—Soul of my soul,  
Could all be said of love's delight,  
'Twixt thee and me, though time should roll  
Beyond earth's day and night?

## CHATTIE BEALL

Mrs. Beall,—who is now a resident of Washington City, where her husband, Hon. Fred Beall, is a distinguished lawyer,—lived for many years at West Point, Miss. Her poems have never been published in book form.

## Premature Gray Hairs

OH! why did the frosty old finger of Care  
Seek out a page so faultlessly fair,  
And write in white signs on that jetty black hair  
God's own secret,—an unanswered prayer?  
Were there not brows enough already lined,  
Where shrouded hopes were sacredly twined,  
And dead loves and lost loves are sadly enshrined,  
Where care a more fitting tablet could find?  
Spare that young brow, 'tis so splendidly fair,  
Shadows of smiles should only fall there!  
Snowy white roses those tresses should wear,  
And not thy handwriting, O pitiless Care.



## S. NEWTON BERRYHILL

This author was born in what is now Webster county in 1839, and died in that county in 1887. He was an invalid from early manhood, and unable to stand on his feet. For a time he lived in Lowndes county, and served one term as treasurer of that county. In 1878 he published at Columbus his one volume of verse, entitled "Backwoods Poems."

## My Castle

THEY do not know, who sneer at me because I'm  
poor and lame,  
And round my brow has never twined the laurel  
wreath of fame,—  
They do not know that I possess a castle, old and  
grand,  
With many an acre broad attached of fair and fer-  
tile land;  
With hills and dales, and lakes and streams, and  
fields of waving grain,  
And snowy flocks, and lowing herds, that browse  
upon the plain.  
In sooth, it is a good demesne,—how would my scorn-  
ers stare  
Could they behold the splendors of my Castle in the  
Air!



The room in which I'm sitting now is smoky, bare,  
and cold,

But I have gorgeous stately chambers in my palace old.

Rich paintings, by the grand old masters, hang upon  
the wall,

And marble busts and statues stand around the spacious hall.

A chandelier of silver pure, and golden lamps illumine,  
With rosy light, on festal nights, the great reception  
room,

When wisdom, genius, beauty, wit, are all assembled  
there,

And strains of sweetest music fill my Castle in the  
Air.

About the castle grounds, ten thousand kinds of  
flowers bloom,

And freight each passing zephyr with a load of sweet  
perfume.

Thick clumps of green umbrageous trees afford a  
cool retreat,

Where oft I steal me when the sun pours down his  
scorching heat,

And there, upon a mossy bank, recline the livelong day,  
And watch the murmuring fountains in the marble  
basins play;

Or listen to the song of birds, with plumage bright  
and rare,

Which flit among the trees around my Castle in the  
Air.

Sometimes the mistress of my castle sits beside me  
there,  
With dark-blue eyes so full of love, and sunny silken  
hair;  
With broad, fair, classic brow, where genius sheds  
his purest ray,  
And little, dimpled, rosy mouth, where smiles for-  
ever play.  
Ah, she is very dear to me; her maiden heart alone  
Returned my soul's deep love, and beat responsive to  
my own;  
And I chose her for my spirit-bride, this maiden,  
young and fair,  
And now she reigns sole mistress of my Castle in the  
Air.

The banks may break, and stocks may fall; the  
Cæsus of to-day  
May see, to-morrow, all his wealth, like snow, dissolve  
away,  
And th' auctioneer, at panic price, to the highest  
bidder sell  
His marble home, in which a king might well be  
proud to dwell.  
But in my Castle in the Air I have a sure estate,  
No panic, with its hydra-head, can e'er depreciate,  
No hard-faced sheriff dares to levy execution there,  
For universal law exempts a Castle in the Air.

## Mississippi

THANK God! she is not conquered yet,—  
The brave old Rifle State!  
Tho' many a recreant son has fled  
And left her to her fate.  
She well can spare the craven wretch  
Who safety seeks afar;  
Who wore the lion's hide in peace,  
But plays the sheep in war.

She is not conquered yet! Her flag  
Still proudly floats on high;  
From every hill, and vale, and swamp,  
Is heard the slogan cry.  
Old men and boys have rushed to arms  
Who scorn the vandal's wrath,—  
Whose breasts shall be a living wall  
Across a conqueror's path.

And by the graves of martyred sons  
In bloody conflict slain,  
We swear our dear old Mother State  
Shall wear no master's chain!  
Ere she is bound, each sunny plain  
A Marathon shall be,  
And every narrow, rugged pass  
A red Thermopylæ!

### The Frost and the Forest

THE Frost King came in the dead of night,—  
Came with jewels of silver sheen,—  
To woo by the spinster Dian's light  
The pride of the South,—the Forest Queen.

He wooed till morn and went away;  
Then I heard the Forest faintly sigh,  
And she blushed like a girl on her wedding day,  
And her blush grew deeper as time went by.

Alas, for the Forest! The cunning Frost  
Her ruin sought, when he came to woo;  
She moaned all day for her glory lost,  
And her blush has changed to a deathlike hue.

### The Forgotten Picture

IN the dark old chamber of my mind,  
Up many a winding stair,  
I have a little room that's full  
Of pictures old and rare.

I've portraits there of gray-haired men,  
And maidens young and fair,  
Sweet matrons with their angel smiles  
And babes with golden hair.

Dear kindred that have left the earth  
To join the angel band,  
And friends I loved in early years,—  
Gone to the spirit land.

And I have there fair landscapes, too,  
With verdure fresh and green,—  
Houses, and fields, and gurgling streams,  
With clumps of trees between;

And many a scene of joy or grief  
I knew in bygone years:  
Death-beds of those I loved,—but these  
Are sadly soiled with tears.

Yest're'en I was a-weary grown  
Of the toils, and cares, and strife,  
That ever have beset the path  
Which I have trod through life;

And I shut me up in this little room,  
Where the sunbeams rarely fall,  
And watched the pictures as they hung  
Upon the dark-brown wall.

In the darkest corner of the room,  
I found upon the floor,  
A picture moldered o'er with age,  
I had not seen before.



I bore it to the feeble light,  
But I could scarcely trace,—  
The mildew was so thick on it,—  
The outlines of the face.

I brushed away the cruel dust,  
*And saw my Nancy there!*  
Just as she looked long time ago,  
When she was young and fair.

Her dark-brown hair was parted smooth  
Upon her pale, sweet brow,  
And fell in rich profusion o'er  
Her shoulders white as snow;

Her lips half parted, still were wet  
With the kiss I left on them:  
And *purity* sat on her brow,  
Like a queenly diadem;

Her hazel eyes gazed into mine  
With a look that seemed to say:  
“Couldst thou not give one thought to me  
While I was far away?”

Oh! how my spirit trembled then,  
As pictures of the past,  
Along the wall in the shadowy gloom,  
Came thronging thick and fast.

The drama of our early love,  
Glided before my view  
Like a panorama, and I lived  
Those blissful hours anew.

But the ghosts of all my withered hopes  
Came gibbering round me then,  
And mocked me with a bitter taunt  
Of what *I might have been.*

### Tidings from the Battle Field

“FRESH tidings from the battle field!”

A widowed mother stands,  
And lifts the glasses from her eyes  
With trembling, withered hands.

“Fresh tidings from the battle field!

Your only son is slain;  
He fell with ‘Victory!’ on his lips,  
And a bullet in his brain.”

The stricken mother staggers back,  
And falls upon the floor;  
And the wailing shriek of a broken heart  
Comes from the cottage door.

“Fresh tidings from the battle field!”

The wife her needle plies,  
While in the cradle at her feet  
Her sleeping infant lies.

“Fresh tidings from the battle field!

Your husband is no more,

But he died as a soldier loves to die,—  
His wounds were all before.”

Her work was dropped,—“O God!” she moans,  
And lifts her aching eyes;  
The orphaned babe in the cradle wakes,  
And joins its mother’s cries.

“Fresh tidings from the battle field!”

A maid with pensive eye  
Sits musing near the sacred spot  
Where she heard his last good-by.

“Fresh tidings from the battle field!

Your lover’s cold in death;  
But he breathed the name of her he loved  
With his expiring breath.”

With hands pressed to her snowy brow,  
She strives her grief to hide;

She shrinks from friendly sympathy,—  
A widow ere a bride.

“Fresh tidings from the battle field!”

Oh, what a weight of woe  
Is borne upon their blood-stained wings  
As on, still on they go!

War!—eldest child of Death and Hell!—

When shall thy horrors cease?

When shall the gospel usher in

The reign of love and peace?

Speed, speed the blissful time, O Lord!—

The blessed, happy years,—

When plow-shares shall be made of swords,  
And pruning-hooks of spears!



## When I Am Dead and Gone

WHEN I am dead and gone,  
The sun will shine as bright as now,  
The summer skies appear as blue;  
The distant mountain's brow,  
    Kissed by the early dawn,  
Will blush as roseate a hue.

When I am dead and gone,  
The sweet wild-flowers will bloom as fair,  
In woods where I was wont to roam;  
And birds with plumes as bright and rare,  
    Sing in as sweet a tone  
Among the trees around my home.

When I am dead and gone,  
The merry laugh will ring as clear  
Among my friends. They'll jest as free;  
And some, the songs I love to hear  
    Will sing in careless tone,  
And never give one thought to me.

When I am dead and gone,  
The maiden that I love so well,  
The arbor vitæ at my head  
Will pluck, some loving swain to tell  
    She *lives for him alone*,  
And hath forgot the lover *dead*.

## H. M. BIEN

Rabbi Bien made his home for many years at Vicksburg. He was the author of several books: "Ben Beor," "Oriental Legends," "Feast of Lights," "What Is Judaism?" "Samson," and others. His first book was published in 1883.

## The Best and the Worst

"SEARCH the bazaar," said the sheik to the slave,

"And get me the Best which the markets provide."

The slave salaamed lowly, the slave answered grave:

"Thy will shall be done; in my judgment abide,"

And soon, on returning, said: "Rightly or wrong,

I bring here the Best of the market,—a tongue."

"Search the bazaar," said the sheik to the slave,

"And get me the Worst which the markets provide."

The slave salaamed lowly, the slave answered grave:

"Thy will shall be done; in my judgment abide,"

And soon, on returning, said: "Rightly or wrong,

I bring here the Worst of the market,—a tongue!"

"Explain what thou meanest!" cried the sheik to the slave;

"I'll give thee thy freedom if well thou decide."

The slave salaamed lowly, the slave answered grave:

“Thy will must be done: in my judgment abide.  
Now listen and say if I’m right or if wrong:  
The Best and the Worst in the world is the tongue.

“The tongue to a freedman quick changes a slave;  
The tongue enslaves quickly the free, though he  
died;

The tongue rules the world, from cradle to grave;  
The tongue sways the khedive and beggar beside.”

“Thy tongue made thee free! Thou argued it  
Laughed the sheik. “The Best and the Worst is  
the tongue!”

## SHERWOOD BONNER

Sherwood Bonner was born at Holly Springs in 1849, and died there in 1883. For a short time she lived in Texas, but later went East, making her home in Boston, where she was kindly received by the literary people of that city. The poet Longfellow was one of her close friends. Her writings consist almost entirely of short stories, which she contributed to leading magazines in the North and East. She published one novel, "Like unto Like." In 1883 a collection of her stories was published under the title "Dialect Tales," and in 1884 a second collection appeared under the title "Suwanee River Tales." She published but few poems.

## A Longed-For Valentine

COME to my aching heart, my weary soul,  
And give my thoughts once more their vanquished  
will;  
That I may strive and feel again the thrill  
Of bounding hope, to reach its farthest goal,—  
Not Love, though sweet as that which Launcelot stole,  
Nor Beauty, happy as a dancing rill,  
Nor Gold poured out from some fond miser's till,  
Nor yet a name on Fame's immortal scroll,—  
But what I ask, O gracious Lord, from Thee,  
If to Thy throne my piteous cry can reach,  
When stricken down like tempest-riven tree,  
Too low for prayer to wreak itself in speech,  
Is but the fair gift—ah, will 't ne'er be mine?  
My long-lost Health for my dear Valentine.

## MARGARET HUNT BRISBANE

Mrs. Brisbane, a native of Vicksburg, comes of a literary ancestry. She was married in 1883, and has for many years made her home in New Orleans. She was a member of the Mississippi Press Association, a frequent contributor to the newspapers in Mississippi while she lived in the State, and since her removal to New Orleans has contributed poems to various leading periodicals.

## Menelaus to Helen

I LOVE thee as well as of old  
But in different fashion;  
My heart and my soul have grown cold  
To the calling of passion.  
I have learned to meet calmly the days  
And the nights that surround me;  
Forgetting the peace-planted ways  
In the land where love found me.

My Queen, I could suffer all things  
If bliss it were giving  
To thee of the white Psyche-wings  
And the red Eros living!  
I could rest, wide awake in my grave  
None the worse for life's story  
Could I know that thy soul, once so brave  
Had recaptured its glory.



Be true to the dreams of thy youth—  
Let nothing degrade thee!  
Rise up—a white star—to the truth  
Of the white gods who made thee!  
My heart, like a taper, burned out  
Just a light for thy walking;  
But I died in that moment of doubt—  
And the dead must cease talking!

### The Dead Leaf

I WENT out in the garden where a few late roses blow;  
I left them on their altars green—pale chalices of  
snow;  
I left the gold chrysanthemum to guard the russet  
land,  
And came in with an Autumn leaf—a dead leaf in  
my hand.  
Fit symbol of my heart thou art, oh! leaf, so cold  
and brown;  
The breeze that softly wooed thee once now rudely  
shakes thee down,  
A withered and forsaken thing, poor little leaf, thou  
art,  
Yet memories of a former hope still light thy dying  
heart,  
Here lies a tracery of gold, some touch of Summer  
sun—  
Oh! keep it in thy fading hold, thou sad, deserted  
one!

And here a blaze of crimson fire too full of life to die,  
Betrays some unforgotten kiss from some torch-  
lighted sky.

Oh! heart bereaved and colorless, lift to God's pity-  
ing eyes

Thy memories of thy Summer suns, thy blazing sun-  
set skies;

For love and hope were once thine own, they kissed  
thee long ago,

Before November skies were gray with prophecies of  
snow.

Love is a memory, hope a dream, belief an empty  
husk;

All color an uncertain gleam that dies into the dusk;  
The night is near; a wailing wind frets 'neath a  
troubled sky;

Gray shadows fall, 'day's pallid pall—dead leaf, dead  
heart, good-by!

### The Snow

WE live in a land of sunshine,

So, when our darling died,

We simply pushed away the flowers

That littered the green hillside.

And made her a bed of blossoms,

This dear little child of ours,

And covered with sweet, from head to feet,

We left her asleep with the flowers.

And all through the balmy Winter,  
I think how the pine trees fling  
Their green embrace above her—  
The dear little sleeping thing!  
And all through the Spring and Summer,  
Such blossomy, golden hours,  
I think of her still, asleep on the hill,  
With her little friends, the flowers.

In the tender Southern Autumn,  
My fond heart feels the same;  
I know the woods are burning  
With rare, exquisite flame.  
The wondrous, brilliant torches,  
Of shining golden rod,  
Light up wild ways, through dreamy haze,  
For the little maid and God.

But last night, in the silence,  
A something, white and chill,  
Came and sighed at my window:  
“I have been on the churchyard hill.”  
I started up on my pillow,  
I shook in a storm of woe;  
I gave her to God and the flowers  
And not to the night and the snow.

Oh, baby! Poor little baby!  
Chained to the churchyard hill;  
Come back; come back to your mother!  
Her heart can shelter you still!



There was only a sobbing silence,  
Bitterly soft and low;  
I felt for God in the darkness,  
But found the night and the snow.

### A Woman

I've had his dark eyes, overbrimmed with light,  
Fall on my face,  
Stay scarce a moment then indifferent go,  
Adrift in space;  
I've had the blood like myriad hot tongued flames  
To my cheeks dart,  
Before his eyes' cold brilliancy,—but that,—  
That did not break my heart.

I've known the bitterness that I to him  
Was simply naught;  
My love and I had never entered  
His slightest thought.  
I've seen him careless meet me in the crowd,  
And careless part—  
And though I paled in anguish,—yet, I lived,—  
That did not break my heart.

I stood one evening when the burning lights  
Flooded the west;  
A lovely woman by me leaned,  
A rose lay on her breast.

He paused in passing as his eye met hers,  
I saw him start,  
Turn to her with one look—one look—but that,—  
That broke my heart.

## JOSIE FRAZEE CAPPLEMAN

Mrs. Cappleman is a native of Kentucky. For the last few years she has made her home in Little Rock, Ark., but for many years she lived at Okolona, Miss. While her home was in this state she was prominent in the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and was active in the State Federation of Women's Clubs, also doing much literary work during her residence in Mississippi. She has published only one volume of poems, "Heart Songs."

## Where Do the Kisses Grow?

THEY leap from the soul of a baby  
And then all over it spread,  
From the white and pink of the toe-tips  
To the halo of gold on its head;  
From the depths of its dainty dimples,  
From the roseate, laughter-turned lips,  
From the soft, shapely neck and shoulders  
To the tapering finger-tips.

They're hidden within every heart-fold,  
And cuddled down close to the core,  
And tho' they are evermore gathered,  
Still, I find there a thousand-fold more;  
And each one seems softer and sweeter  
Than the one I found just before,  
Till I wonder if ever the sweetest  
Is taken from baby's vast store.

So daily I search for and seize them,  
And hourly I pluck a new prize,  
Sometimes from the whitest of foreheads,  
Sometimes from the brightest of eyes;  
Of all the rare sweets sent from heaven,  
These kisses, to me, are most sweet;  
A blessing they bring to my being  
As the holiest emotions there meet.

And I whisper: "O angel-kissed baby,  
Do you feel,—can you ever quite know  
Of the wondrous worth of these kisses  
That ever continue to grow?  
Of the wearisome woes that they soften,  
Of the heart-cares they curtain from sight,  
Of their magic that soars through the sunshine  
And on through the knells of the night?"

I hold that we're higher and better  
For every fresh kiss that we take,  
For every fond love-token given,—  
When given for sacred love's sake;  
For, if purity's planted in Earthdom,  
Then surely it springs from the soul  
Of that beautiful, angel-like being  
As its life-page begins to unroll.

Then I'll gather them early and often,  
From the bright, curly head to the toe,  
I can't rob the wee tot of its treasures,  
For still they continue to grow.

And in long after-years fondest memory  
E'en backward forever will flow  
To that bonny-eyed babe of the bygone,  
Whose kisses no longer may grow.

### The Dreams of a Vanished Day

A BUNCH of letters, a broken flower  
All yellow'd and blurr'd and dim,  
A wisp of hair in its wrappings there,  
And a priceless poem from him:  
Just these were the keys that unclosed the screen  
From the fane of the Far Away,  
And waked with a start  
The sealed, silent heart,  
To the dream of a vanished day.

Long, long was their sleep, and longer had slept  
Adown in that dreamless abyss,  
Save Chance opened wide the vast time-divide  
And brought back the youth-days and this,  
And the little dead rose that once was so white,  
With its myriad companions and more,  
Breathed of joy-years to be,  
Of Fate's fondest decree,  
And buoyant life-messages bore.

Are you looking with me on the rose-trailing Past,  
All splashed with its crimson and gold;  
While the same shining dreams, in a measure fulfilled,  
Do you not, in the present, behold?



It seems the faint odor that fitfully floats  
From the jonquil, the jasmine and rose,  
Tells the tale of year-tides,  
Rise, fall, and divides,  
Far better than tongue can disclose.

Aye, each has a dream-drawer somewhere concealed,  
With cover and close-guarded key,  
And, oh, for the loves and the losses therein,  
And the wraiths of Reality!  
And some bring a smile, as of sanction, when seen  
By the child, on the mother-love face;  
And the rose-pictures rare  
Of some still are there,  
While the heart-hurt of some leaves its trace.

O dreamers of dreams, do you often unlock  
The casket that palls the pale dead,—  
Ambitions, gem-set, and gold-arched aims,  
And the purposeful plans far ahead?  
Perchance you have found what I'm finding to-  
night,—  
Dead roses and dreams in decay;  
Yet action and deed  
Have arisen at need  
From the dreams of a vanished day.

So, I hold the first Fancies and Phantoms we hoard  
Are firm,—as the fair-coraled isle  
'Neath the tropical glow of the sun-surgings sea;  
Are the breakers we build on the while.

---

And far thro' the stretch of the soul-seething years,  
Thro' the hapless heart-tempests of Time,  
    We break and we build,  
    With the lapses infilled  
By triumphs that touch the sublime.

Then never a dream, since the rose-dream of Morn,  
    With its brilliance and beauty and bloom,  
But whole, or in part, presaged the pale start,  
    Where the great life achievements now loom.  
So I treasure the letters and little dead rose,  
    With their thousands of thoughts laid away;  
    Thro' the long interim  
    Float the shadows dim  
Of the dreams of a vanished day.



## MARCUS T. CARPENTER

Marcus T. Carpenter was a native of New York state, but made his home at Jackson, Miss., where he was connected with a newspaper. While living in that city he published (1850) his only volume of poems, "Memories of the Past."

## On the Return of the Mississippi Volunteers

THRICE welcome to your home again,  
Ye men of iron nerve!  
For ye have proved your faith like men  
Who would their country serve;  
With fearless hearts, at Monterey,  
Ye charged upon the foe,  
And tower and battlement gave way  
At every freeman's blow.

Ye heeded not the old grim walls  
That frowned above you there,  
Nor deadly showers of hissing balls  
That filled the smoky air;  
Our country's flag ye onward bore,  
Through all the bloody fray,  
Until it waved in triumph o'er  
The heights of Monterey.

On Buena Vista's awful field,  
Ye did what men may do,  
With hearts that know not how to yield,  
With weapons tried and true;  
And, oh, how swelled our hearts with pride,  
When news came from afar,  
How ye had stemmed the battle's tide,  
On that great day of war!

And now, with one united voice,  
All welcome your return,  
And o'er your glorious deeds rejoice,  
Whose lights will cease to burn  
When freedom's altars are no more,—  
Her temples pass away,  
And when her spirit flees before  
Corruption and decay.

But one short year has roll'd along,  
Since your chivalric band  
Left peace and home in valor strong,  
For far-off foeman's land;  
Your ranks, so thin and meager now,  
Speak more than words may tell,  
And cast a gloom o'er every brow  
For patriot ones who fell.

And with the shouts which now arise  
To welcome you again,  
Are mingled low and stifled sighs,  
For those in battle slain;

Our eyes are dimmed with sorrowing tears,  
For all who nobly bled;  
But their names will be through coming years  
Among the glorious dead.

### Spring

THE spring is here again,  
And, over hill and plain,  
She hath flung  
The magic of her smile,  
And the world looks glad the while,  
As when young:

And hearts, long worn with care,  
That heavy burdens bear  
Towards the tomb,  
Are now as light and free  
As they were wont to be,  
In life's bloom.

But ere another comes,  
The hearthstones of their homes  
May be left  
Sad, desolate, and cold,—  
Of their cheerfulness of old  
All bereft.

For myriad years gone by,  
With as bright and pure a sky,  
Hath the Spring

Succeeded to the blast  
Of winter,—binding fast  
    Everything.

For myriad ages yet,  
Will she free the rivulet  
    From its chains,  
And strew the earth with flowers,  
And fill the woodland bowers  
    With sweet strains.

And hearts that are to be,  
In dim futurity,  
    Will, like ours,  
With joyous rapture burn,  
At her annual return,  
    With flowers.

Oh! the Spring,—it makes me sad,  
Though everything looks glad,  
    Round me here;  
For the future, like the past,  
Will be borne away at last,  
    On its bier.

Yet I love the Spring to come,  
Driving winter from the home,  
    Where I dwell;  
Though its bursts of revelry  
Of passing time to me  
    Sound the knell.

## BETTIE KEYES CHAMBERS

Mrs. Chambers is a native of Alabama, but after the Civil War she made her home in Mississippi, later removing to California. In 1912 her volume of poems, "Idyls of the South," was published by The Neale Publishing Company, New York.

## A Fancy

A BRIGHT mantle of crimson and gold  
And purple hung low in the west;  
It was waiting the day to enfold  
That soon would be sinking to rest.  
The sun was still lingering awhile  
In love with both woodland and sea,  
While the earth, blushing warm in his smile,  
Seemed fairer than ever to be.

And a rose-tree in beauty and bloom  
Its blossoms had lavishly spread,—  
They were shedding their sweetest perfume  
And wealth o'er a maiden's fair head;  
While, just touching her innocent face  
Half-opened, some bright buds reclined,—  
Did they droop, that their loveliest grace,  
Was gathered from that they entwined?

Like a Parsean priestess at prayer,  
She watched the light fade in the skies;  
And the glow of idolatry there  
Shone bright in her beautiful eyes.  
"He will come," she was murmuring low,  
"Though shadows grow gloomy and tall.  
He is true as the sunlight, I know;  
He will come. He will come, after all."

But the night brought her quivering fears;  
And doubt, with its dagger-like smart,  
Like a shadow fell over her years  
And crushed out the faith in her heart.  
Then she knew her idolatrous trust  
Had passed with the evening's light,  
That it evermore, moldering, must  
Lay shrouded in darkness of night.

Then the morning saw roses in tears,  
That yesterday blossomed so bright;  
And as time flings to mortals its years,  
The roses still weep in the night  
For the remnant of Paradise gone,  
Which passed with the loss of man's truth,—  
And the doubt and the agony born,  
From death to the hope of our youth.



## J. F. H. CLAIBORNE

“The Historian of Mississippi” is little known as a poet, yet he wrote many poems, though these poems have never been published in book form. Colonel Claiborne’s literary work was almost altogether along historical lines. He was born in Adams county in 1807, and died in that county in 1884. For many years he was prominent in the politics of the state; was a member of the Legislature and also a member of Congress, and edited newspapers in both Mississippi and Louisiana. His published works in permanent form are: “Life and Times of Sam Dale,” “Life and Correspondence of John A. Quitman,” and “Mississippi as a Province, Territory, and State.”

## The Maid of Pascagoula

WHILE others boast their eyes of blue,  
Their locks of gold or raven hue,  
Be mine to praise with modest lays  
    The Maid of Pascagoula!  
Her speaking face, her snowy arms,  
The *tout ensemble* of her charms,  
Her grace and majesty of mien,—  
So fair, so beautiful!—they seem  
Not mortal, but an angel’s dream,  
    My maid of Pascagoula!

Let others gaze on passers-by,  
For every beauty breathe a sigh;



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My eye is turned, my heart is given,  
With all the truth and faith of heaven,  
In bonds that only death can sever,  
My maid of Pascagoula!

She may be thine and never mine,  
This maid of Pascagoula!

Where'er I roam by land or sea,  
I still shall love and none but thee,  
Sweet maid of Pascagoula!

I breathe her name, I feel the flame,  
Thro' all life's changes still the same,  
A pang which silent tears my breast,  
Come weal or woe; life's direst curse,  
Of Fortune's blows the very worst,  
Or tortured seek some lonely grave,  
Maid of Pascagoula!

Mine is a flame may not be known,  
A wretchedness I dare not own;  
Deep in my heart the secret lies,  
But thou canst read it in my eyes,  
Dear Maid of Pascagoula!

## MAUD L. S. DIMITRY

Mrs. Dimitry, the daughter of Justice Cotesworth P. Smith, of the Supreme Court of Mississippi, is now a resident of Innis, Louisiana. She was educated at the College of Nôtre Dame, of Maryland, at Baltimore, and in 1880-1881 was editor of *The New Idea*, at Jackson, Mississippi.

## Cupid and Psyche

BUTTERFLY poised on thy golden wing,  
Child of the Springtime's Sun!  
Knowest thou art but the fleeting type,  
Of a fairer, brighter one?

Of one in the olden, golden days,  
Who lived to be loved and to love,  
And who drew by her beauty, and wonderful  
smile,  
The fairest of Gods from above.

He bore her to realms in the far off skies,  
He crowned her with stars, bright stars,  
The rainbows of Heaven her jewels were,  
The clouds of the sunset her cars.

But doubt came into this Heaven of love,  
And she fell from her high estate,  
And wearily wandered the wide world o'er,  
Bitterly mourning her fate.

Till Cupid his Psyche forgiving for aye,  
Loved as he loved of yore,  
And they dwell 'mid the stars, in the beautiful sky,  
And will live, and will love evermore.

### Wilt Thou Return?

It is the magic time, the mystic hour,  
When the day, wearied by her golden flight,  
Droops her bright head, like some dew-laden flower,  
And sighs for rest. Star inwrought, thy spirit  
of soft light,  
The evening herald of the approach of night,  
Walks o'er the Western wave. The moon is up,  
And, with a soft and tender grace, reigns o'er high  
heaven ;  
One lonely star, trembling with timid awe, is by her  
side,  
Its soft shame adding but another charm of beauty  
in her pride.

The shadows lengthen o'er the distant sea,  
Flushes the west with rosy fleeting beams  
That came before the parting day glides to eternity.  
It scarce is night, tho' Jove in beauty streams ;

Those soft alluring charms of dark-eyed nights,  
Mingling with day's far merrier delights,  
Till this dim vale on this bright even  
"Seems less of earth than does of heaven."

A silence such as settles o'er the heart  
When some deep thought holds us in thrall,  
And pausing spellbound, strange, wild feelings start  
Into existence. A breathless pause, such as call  
The angel natures from our stirred souls and  
tempt them to their fall,  
Broods over all. From yon high mountain flows the  
gliding stream,  
Under the Banyan's sacred shade, where bloom young  
flowers,  
The sweet spell lingereth yet, and, lingering, seems  
As still as death, as lovely and as fleeting as our  
dreams.

But hark!—dost thou not hear a soft step fall upon  
the dreamy scene?  
The flowers lift up their heads, the cloudlets  
bright  
Take on a softer tint. She comes, the star-eyed  
queen,  
The shadow of a golden dream; a perfect being  
robed in light  
Of her own loveliness. 'Tis Hilda, fairest daughter  
of the sun;

---

Of all the East; nay, of all the world, most lovely  
and loveliest one.

Her form is beauty's own; her gentle heart  
Is like the lute that love has learned to play,  
Making sweet music all the livelong day.

But now her dark eyes dreaming woe,  
Her cheeks as pale as flowers that blow,  
Ere winter's breath has gone,  
Bespeak a heart where joy is dead,  
A soul whose brightest dreams have fled.  
O youth! O hope! O fleeting hours!  
All, all are fragile, fading flowers.  
A look too long, or a word too much,  
An idle thought or a careless touch,  
And the joy we have held to our hearts to-day  
Has withered and died and passed away.  
So, in gentle Hilda's breast,

There dwells a vague and sad unrest.  
But yestereve she roamed this dell,  
With one beloved and loving well.  
Too well, alas! for joy to stay  
When her soul's idol's far away.  
Last eve he lingered by her side;  
To-night the sea's bright, treacherous tide  
Bears him away.  
Like some neglected and forsaken lute,  
Its chords unstrung, its sweetest music mute,  
The hand whose touch could bid all sorrow fly,  
No more is near: 'twere happiness to die.



Sighing, she wanders on to where he stood,  
Beside this stream, beneath this spreading wood;  
Here, where he breathed his last fond, sad farewell,  
She's come to ask by magic charm or spell:

“Wilt thou return?”

Bearing within her trembling hands,  
Here to the bank of this great river,  
That, flowing o'er its golden sands,  
Runs onward to the sea forever,  
A soft-hued shell, a trembling light,  
Wreathed round with flowers as fair and bright  
As thoughts and prayers that hover over  
The distant path of her dear lover.  
She kneels, and with her soft, dark eyes  
Raised suppliant to the far-off skies,  
Like some bright, sainted spirit of even,  
Commits her fondest hopes to heaven;  
To try by this, the Hindoo's spell,  
Whether the one she loves so well  
Will come from the land of the setting sun,  
Back to the home of his cherished one.

Blow softly, all ye winds of even,  
Ye stars that with your mellow light  
Shine like the beacons of kind heaven,  
Oh, guide her bark o'er the waters bright!  
It glides along to the night-birds' song;  
The golden waves embrace it;  
By the track of light, in its wake so bright,  
Her timid eyes can trace it.



The blue waves dance 'neath the chaste moon's glance,  
The stars on their far thrones burn,  
Faltering, she stands, her trembling hands  
Clasped o'er her heart's wild beating,  
Watching the shell as, with rise and swell,  
It sails o'er the waves retreating.  
One moment's doubt, then joy! then bliss!  
Her lord, her lover returneth,  
For as long as her sight can track the light,  
The glimmering lamp still burneth.  
And she sighs as of yore, to her glad heart o'er,  
"My love, my life, will return!"

Each soul hath a hope, each life hath a star,  
Like this Hindoo maid of yore,  
That we wreath with flowers from our heart's fair  
bowers,  
And murmur soft prayers o'er.  
A bark whose fate we long to know;  
That we watch from the golden strand,  
With tears that start from a beating heart,  
Set sail for a far-off land.  
Would you know the prayer of my soul to-night?  
It is that the coming hours  
May bring your bark from the distant seas,  
Piled high with blushing flowers.

## LOUISE ELEMJAY

Miss Elemjay, the author of "Censoria Lictoria of Facts and Folks," "Rising Young Men and Other Tales," and "Letters and Miscellanies," is credited to Virginia by Mr. Davidson, in his "Living Writers of the South." However, she spent much time in Mississippi, and in her "Letters and Miscellanies" will be found considerable matter in reference to this state. Her home was in Madison county. Miss Elemjay was an invalid, unable to walk.

**"They May Deem 'Tis the Love of Another"**

THEY may deem 'tis the love of another  
Wakes the tear that is falling from me;  
But my heart's "one love," O my brother!  
Was given, in life's dawning, to thee!  
Its darkening shadow o'er the soul  
No other love had power to cast;  
For thou wert to existence's goal  
My guiding star through all the past.  
In thy grave there have perished  
The glad tones of my mirth,  
And the hopes I had cherished  
From the hour of thy birth.

Proudly thy image rose before me;  
But life is dim since thou art gone,  
And one, in thought, is bending o'er thee,  
Who mourns that morning vision flown!

Light smile and careless jest may seem  
A lighter spirit's echoing tone;  
But, O my soul! thy wandering dream  
Is not of earth,—to thee 'tis lone!  
Yes, "the last link is broken"  
That could bind me to earth;  
For the death dirge is spoken  
O'er thy genius and worth.

## A. H. ELLETT

This author was for many years a leading teacher in Mississippi, and at the time of his death, which occurred in 1913, was connected with Blue Mountain College. He wrote "The Federal Union and Mississippi," "Outlines of U. S. History," "Outlines of Mississippi History," and many poems, which since his death have been published in book form, under the title "Ellett's Poems."

## Faith

As I lead my baby home  
'Neath the silent stars of night,  
With her little hand in mine,  
Silently I clasp it tight  
And I pray:

"Father, when my way is dark,  
E'en the star of hope is lost,  
As the clouds of sin o'er cast,  
And my bark is tempest tossed,  
Show the way.

"As my little one with faith,  
Doubting not, relies on me,  
So I may with willing heart  
Gladly put my trust in thee,  
Till at last,

“When my ship has gained the shore,  
And I’ve come to sleep awhile,  
I may slumber sweet as she,  
Saying, with a trusting smile:  
‘Toil is past!’ ”

## ISRAEL FOLSOM

This minister was a Choctaw Indian. An interesting sketch of the Folsom family of Indians may be found in Cushman's "History of the Choctaw, Chickasaw and Natchez Indians," published in 1899. The quaint selection that appears below,—a poem that was written just before the Indians were removed from Mississippi to the Indian Territory,—is from that volume.

## The Indian's Song

Their lands had been promised to the Choctaws "as long as water should run and grass should grow."

LAND where brightest waters flow,  
Land where loveliest forests grow,  
Where warriors drew the bow,  
Native land, farewell!

He who made yon stream and tree,  
Made the White, the Red man free;  
Gave the Indian's home to be  
'Mid the forest's wilds.

Have the waters ceased to flow?  
Have the forests ceased to grow?  
Why do our brothers bid us go  
From our native home?



Here in infancy we played,  
Here our happy wigwams made,  
Here our fathers' bones are laid—  
    Must we leave them all?

White men tell us God's on high,  
So pure and bright in yonder sky,—  
Will not then His searching eye  
    See the Indian's wrong?

## VIRGINIA FRANTZ

Mrs. Frantz was long a resident of Brandon, Miss., and for many years was connected with the press of the state. Her published book, "Ina Greenwood and Other Poems," made its appearance in 1885. The volume does not, however, contain all her verses. She contributed many poems to the papers of the state.

## Hungry Hearts

Is there no hunger on this earth,  
Save that in want of bread has birth?  
And only lurketh famine where  
Walks Poverty, all gaunt and bare?  
Yes, many a spirit starves and dies,  
For want of life's sweet harmonies,  
In wealthy mansions, grand and fair,  
With sumptuous viands rich and rare.

How many starving hearts do hide  
Beneath the silken folds of pride;  
And bosoms bright with gems and gold,  
For want of loving faith, grow cold:  
Yes, hearts so starved all wealth would give  
For crumbs of love on which to live;  
Yes, with all earthly treasure part  
For balm to soothe the aching heart.

Why must hearts ache? They cannot buy  
The food for which they pine and die;  
And yet, so very small's the cost,  
That he who gives hath nothing lost.  
What brings to life so much sure blessing,  
As low, sweet tones, and love's caressing?  
By what, as by a gentle word,  
Is all the heart's deep music stirred?

All ye who do the bodies feed,  
Of hungry, starving hearts, take heed,  
And scatter crumbs of sympathy  
For every lonely one you see.  
"Give us this day our daily bread,"  
Means more than it doth seem when read;  
For all our wants the Saviour knew,  
And He provided for them, too.

"Man shall not live by bread alone,"  
Saith Jesus, who such love hath shown;  
He kindly draws us to His breast,  
For bread of life, comfort, and rest.  
If hungering for righteousness,  
Through sin and sorrow and distress,  
We'll find relief in Jesus' arms,  
From all earth's shadows and alarms.

## J. M. GIBSON

J. M. Gibson, now a resident of Houston, Tex., was born in Warren county in 1856. He did not attend college, but studied law in St. Louis, returning later to his native state, and beginning the practice of law at Vicksburg. He served two terms in the Legislature, and in 1887 was elected District Attorney, which office he held for four years. While he has written much, in both prose and verse, his poems have not yet been issued in book form.

## The Violets

RIFTS of April here and there, where the frost has  
lost its hold,  
Where the sparkling little stream sings into the som-  
ber wold,  
Only here a spot of green where wild violets unfold.  
Not as yet a threstle's song, not the wooing note of  
dove,  
Not as yet the blackbird's call singing from the boughs  
above,  
Not an oriole, or finch, warbling softly to his love.  
Tender, modest violets, long before the Spring is  
near,  
Bringing back with gentle beauty mem'ries of a  
yesteryear,  
Bringing back with lips of purple, words of music  
spoken here.

Violets, as now you seemed while as from a censor  
    swung

Floating up your fragrance sweet, where no mockbird  
    mocking sung,

And no harsh foreboding note croaked from any raven  
    tongue.

Ah, your perfume brings me now memories of sweeter  
    things;

And within my heart of hearts love its unseen censor  
    swings,

And my soul its prayer uplifts to a face fair as the  
    Spring's.

Soft the cascade's music spoke down in yonder lovely  
    dell,—

Soft those limpid eyes of blue where a soul's bright  
    shadow fell,—

Sweet the violets gathered there, pulsing on her bos-  
    om's swell.

Fair the hair upon her brow, plump the arms around  
    my neck,

Fair the cheeks with sunset's kiss, beauty without  
    flaw or fleck,—

God, that thou shouldst give me these and that these  
    my life should wreck!

Red the lips to mine upturned, long and sweet the  
    rapturing kiss,

Tender heart that wildly beat back to mine the surge  
    of bliss,

God! is there a joy above like the memory of this?

Not a word was needed then, there are languages un-  
heard,—  
Understood from heart to heart both to man and  
beast and bird,  
That are eloquent and sweet without any wistful  
word.

What have hearts to do with words, when young lips  
to lips repeat  
Burning messages of fire thrilling one from head to  
feet?  
All the world is but a sigh then, and all the world is  
sweet.

Rifts of April in the sky; fresh and pure the morning  
air;  
Lonely wanderer in the wold, lonely grave in wood-  
land bare;—  
And the violets bloom again and a heart grieves with  
despair.



## JAMES GORDON

Colonel Gordon was born in Monroe county in 1833, and died in Chickasaw county in 1915. He was graduated from the State University. He was a participant in many battles of the Civil War, rising to the rank of colonel in the Confederate Army. Colonel Gordon was prominent in state politics, and served several terms in the Legislature. In 1910 he was appointed United States Senator, to serve an unexpired term. A volume of his poems was published in 1909, under the title "The Old Plantation and Other Poems." "Lochinvar" was the name of his country home.

## Lochinvar

OLD Lochinvar, Old Lochinvar,  
Thou dearest spot on earth to me,  
Tho' I may roam in lands afar,  
My heart will fondly turn to thee.

Old Lochinvar, loved are thy hills,  
Thy fields and meadows ever dear;  
Dear to my heart thy sparkling rills,  
Thy gushing fountains bright and clear.

Oh! for a sigh from Lochinvar  
I've sighed when in a prison cell;  
A Lethe to the prison bar,  
Would be a draft from thy sweet well.

Old Lochinvar, sweet are the flowers  
That cluster 'round thy walls so gay,  
There I have played in childhood's hours,  
And dreamed my boyhood years away.

Old Lochinvar, Old Lochinvar,  
Thy song-birds sing the sweetest lay;  
Never shone sun or moon or star  
Elsewhere with half so bright a ray.

Old Lochinvar, Old Lochinvar,  
Long may thy tall oaks o'er me wave,  
And may the smiling vesper star  
Peep through thy shadows on my grave.

## MARY A. GREER

In the second volume of "A Memoir of Jefferson Davis," by his widow, Mrs. Davis refers, with approval, to the following lines, by "Mrs. Mary A. Greer of Mississippi," as "explaining the causes of failure" of Mr. Davis.

## Why Jefferson Davis Failed

HE failed because he was so great; his duty  
Lay in Presidency, not Dictatorship.  
And he was one that would not enter Paradise  
By treachery, fraud, and usurpation.  
He held his lightest promise as a sacred thing,  
How much more his oath of office sworn.  
The law had circumscribed and set his bounds,  
The law he'd sworn to keep he would not break.  
He had within him strength to cope with all  
The fearful issues of the time, the stern volition,  
Steadfast purpose, and the ceaseless watch;  
Strength to gather up the scattered slender means,  
To bind, to weld, to rivet firm in one,  
And name the force so formed "Success."  
All this within him lay, but power to do  
This was withheld, and power not freely  
Given he scorned to rudely seize.  
Patient sorrowing, much enduring soul,

God strengthen thee; in all His strength,  
Christ comfort thee; in all His love,  
Angels tend thee; in all thy ways  
Nobly thou hast wrought and overcome.

## DAVID E. GUYTON

Professor Guyton is in charge of the Department of History  
in Blue Mountain College, Miss.

## Triolets

WHILE thou art near,  
As now thou art,  
I feel no fear,  
While thou art near,  
That others, Dear,  
May win thy heart,  
While thou art near,  
As now thou art.

When thou art far,  
As thou shalt be,  
No jealous jar,  
When thou art far,  
Shall ever mar  
My faith in thee,  
When thou art far,  
As thou shalt be.

Till saints deceive  
And truth is trite,  
Sweet Genevieve,  
Till saints deceive,

I shall believe  
And trust thee quite,  
Till saints deceive  
And truth is trite.

### Yesterday

You stabbed my soul with the words you said,  
Though you meant most kind, I know.  
The sunlight out of my soul-life fled,  
And my dreams were dust, and my hopes were dead,  
And the world was a world of woe.

I had built us a castle with golden spires,  
In the land where the sirens sing;  
With high halls jeweled with dream desires,  
And rife with the music of rhythmic lyres,  
Like the waft of an angel's wing.

I had delved us fountains with dimpling sprays,  
In a girdle of gardens and lawns,  
The gladsome haunts of the fair-haired fays  
And the sprites that sport in the woodland ways  
And the blythe-souled satyrs and fauns.

I had fashioned a bower of roses red,  
Still bright with the shimmer of dew;  
With snow-white blossoms, I had softly spread  
A fragrant couch for the curl-crowned head  
And lily-white heart of you.



---

With the gift of a Midas, I had touched with gold  
Every trace of the base in your fate;  
I had framed you a future with triumphs untold  
And every delight of the blythe and the bold,  
Unmixed with the griefs of the great.

I had found you, a child, in the valley at play,  
Content with the charms of the plain;  
I had plead with your spirit to wander away  
To the shimmering heights where the stout-hearted  
stay,  
But my words of entreaty were vain,

For you stabbed my soul with the words you said,  
Though you meant most kind, I know,  
The sunlight out of my soul-life fled,  
And my dreams are dust, and my hopes are dead,  
And the world is a world of woe.

## LAFAYETTE R. HAMBERLIN

Professor Hamberlin was born in Hinds county in 1861, and died in 1902. He was educated at Mississippi College (Clinton) and at Richmond College, Virginia. After graduation he was engaged in teaching, sometimes in High Schools, sometimes in Colleges. At the time of his death he held a place in the faculty of Vanderbilt University. His poems have been published in seven collections: "Lyrics," "Seven Songs," "Alumni Lilts," "A Batch of Rhymes," "In Colorado," "Rhymes of the War," and "Verses."

## She Kissed My Violets

I stood in waiting there before her,  
My heart athrob, aglow;  
I ne'er had told the love I bore her,  
And yet, ah, did she know?

She held a moment in her fingers  
Some violets I'd bought—  
Ah, sometimes Time all breathless lingers  
To view the scene he's wrought!

A moment paused she; then, a-seeming  
Like one who half forgets,  
Like one who sighs in gentle dreaming,  
She kissed my violets.

My heart shall ne'er know joy completer,  
    However fortune pets,  
Than when, with lips than roses sweeter,  
    She kissed my violets.

When hours are heavy grown with toiling,  
    And duty's routine frets,  
I sing, care's teasing fingers foiling:  
    "‘She kissed my violets.’"

### The Woman in the Moon

WITH wax and wane of yonder fickle moon,  
    There comes and goes a vision known to few:  
    Deft o'er the disc, with hand and chisel true,  
Some god, whose love and fancy were in tune,  
Hath carved the features of his mistress there.  
    The lifted profile speaks a noble mind,  
    Yet claims, withal, a woman's heart there shrined;  
The full, dark wealth of wondrous-gathered hair  
    Proves woman's glory matching charms within;  
    Below, the almost-heaving bosom swells  
In shapely fairness 'neath the chisel's trace.  
    And ever, as that orb doth fullness win,  
    Its widening growth each day to me outspells  
The bright medallion of that classic face.

## LIZZIE HAMLETT

Mrs. Hamlett was born in Mississippi in 1842. She was graduated from college in 1860, and in 1876 her volume of poems was published. For many years she has lived in Texas, where she has been prominent in literary work. Her poem "Shall We Divide the State?" is exceedingly popular in Texas.

## Maternity

THERE came to me, 'neath holy autumn skies,  
A bud, a tender, glorious germ  
From out the very walls of Paradise!  
With all its tiny petals folded close,  
And fed by sunshine bright and warm;  
Pure as the lily, painted like the rose,  
A beauty rarer did my bud disclose.

Needless to say I loved it! Needless tell,  
Oh, mystery of motherhood!  
How sacredly I prized my babe; how well,  
How patiently I bore my pain, that he  
Might blended in him have all good,—  
That he, my precious boy, might live and be  
All that my destiny denied to me.

And when spring came, and other buds blew out,  
And filled the air with fragrance; when  
The wandering bee buzzed busily about,

---

Lured to the orchard by its faint perfume  
And flowering regalia, then  
His eye 'gan brighter, and his cheek to bloom,  
My truant blossom from his Eden home!

The violets in the woods are not more blue  
And gladsome than my baby's eyes;  
Nor softer spring's first dove-notes than the coo  
Of his sweet voice. I breathe upon the chords  
And my Æolian harp replies!  
As inarticulate as warbling birds,  
As musical, as matchless, are his words.

And springtime blossoms ever in my heart,  
And love's own gladness therein lies;  
A nearer heaven—of which he seems a part—  
Above me bending, smiling and serene,  
I see, deep in my baby's eyes.  
Sure, heaven is not so far from earth, I ween,  
While I can hold this treasured link between!



## ASA HARTZ

This was the pen name of Major McKnight, an officer on the staff of General Loring of the Confederate Army. Being captured and confined on Johnson's Island, he wrote many poems from this prison. His poems have never been published elsewhere than in newspapers.

## My Love and I

My love reposes on a rosewood frame;

    A bunk have I;

A couch of feathery down fills up the same;

    Mine's straw, but dry;

She sinks to rest at night with scarce a sigh;

With waking eyes I watch the hours creep by.

My love her daily dinner takes in state,

    And so do I;

The richest viands flank her silver plate;

    Coarse grub have I;

Pure wines she sips at ease, her thirst to slake;

I pump my drink from Erie's limpid lake.

My love has all the world at will to roam;

    Three acres I;

She goes abroad, or quiet sits at home;

    So cannot I;

Bright angels watch around her couch at night;

A Yank, with loaded gun, keeps me in sight.



---

A thousand weary miles now stretch between  
My love and I.  
To her this wintry night, cold, calm, serene,  
I waft a sigh,  
And hope with all my earnestness of soul,  
To-morrow's mail may bring me my parole.

There's hope ahead; we'll one day meet again,  
My love and I.  
We'll wipe away all tears of sorrow then;  
Her love-lit eye  
Will all my many troubles then beguile,  
And keep this wayward Reb from Johnson's Isle.

## ELLEN E. HEBRON

Mrs. Hebron, whose maiden name was Ellington, was born in 1839, and died in 1904. Her husband was Dr. John L. Hebron, a prominent physician and planter. A woman of deep religious convictions, she was a leader in the work of the W. C. T. U. in Mississippi. She was an honorary member of the State Press Association. Her published works are: "Songs from the South," which appeared in 1875, and "Faith, or Earthly Paradise, and Other Poems," published in 1890. Her home was in Vicksburg.

## To My Brother

A SISTER'S heart goes out with thee! In the din  
Of life's great battle when the fiendish foe  
Hath well-nigh compassed thee in nets of sin,  
And ready stand to give thee deadly blow;  
When friendship's voice no longer greets thine  
ear,  
And sorrow's cloud hangs heavily above;  
When thou wouldst give thine all of earthly store  
To hear one cheering word of unfeigned love,  
Oh! may her prayer find entrance into heaven;  
And to thy heart fresh courage then be given.

She would not have thee wear the Victor's wreath,  
Unless true Merit placed it on thy brow.  
She would not have thee great, if love of fame  
To mean Hypocrisy thy soul could bow.

But, oh! if patriot sacrifice can raise  
An humble boy to high and honored place;  
If to the Good and True the meed is given,  
Of those who run in glory's toilsome race,  
Oh! then mayst thou drink deep of earthly fame,  
And leave on Freedom's page a fadeless name.

## GRACE HYER HEMINGWAY

Mrs. Hemingway is a resident of Jackson, in which city her husband is a prominent lawyer.

## The Seekers

A LITTLE brook came wandering down  
From mountain nook secluded ;  
A comrade joined it, where the rocks  
From fern and moss protruded,  
And tempted it to linger there  
Where leafy shadows quiver.  
“Nay,” said the brook, “we must away  
To join the shining river.”

They wandered on, a happy pair,  
O'er wood and vale and meadow,  
Gay comrades joined them, one by one,  
To haste mid shine and shadow,  
Through narrow gorge, o'er rocky bed,  
Where ripples shine and shiver ;  
While ever rose that clear refrain,  
“We go to seek the river.”

The narrow banks could not confine  
So many hurrying rovers,  
They spread afar, 'neath sun and star,  
And soon, for happy lovers

---

They bore small rowboats; later on,  
Fair ships with sails a-quiver.  
O ship and sail, O star and sun,  
How far to seek the river!

One bright, one glorious day, the brooks,  
The river ever seeking,  
A vast expanse of water viewed;  
With mournful voices speaking,  
"The sea! The sea!" they cried aloud,  
"And not our shining river.  
We've sought the river far, O sea,  
And shall we see it never?"  
"Now rest ye, rest ye, little brooks;  
Ye are the mighty river!"

## LAURA F. HINSDALE

Mrs. Hinsdale was, for several years, a resident of Biloxi. In 1896 her volume of verse, "Legends and Lyrics of the Gulf Coast," was published.

## Mysterious Music of the Gulf Coast

THERE is a time when summer stars are glowing,  
And night is fair along the Southern shore,  
The sailor, resting where the tide is flowing,  
Hears somewhere near, below his waiting oar,  
A haunting tone, now vanishing, now calling,  
Now lost, now luring like some elfin air;  
In murmurous music fathoms downward falling,  
It seems a dream of song imprisoned there.

The legend tells, a phantom ship is beating  
On yonder bar, a wanderer evermore,  
Its rhythmic music, evanescent, fleeting,  
Stirs the lagoon and echoes on the shore.  
O phantom ship, dost near that port Elysian  
Where radiant rainbow colors ever play?  
Shall hope's mirage return a blessed vision;  
And canst thou find a joy of yesterday?



The legend tells of a pale horseman fleeing,  
Whose steed the gnomes with metals strange have  
shod,

Who, on and on, a distant summit seeing,  
His way pursues, in ocean paths untrod.  
His spectral hoofs by the Evangel bidden  
In far carillons beat in measures low,  
Elusive tone! dost near where that is hidden  
Which made the music of the long ago?

The legend tells of syrens of the ocean  
That wander singing, where the sea palms rise,  
And through the song's intense and measured motion  
I seem to hear their soft imprisoned sighs.  
They lure me, like the spell of a magician,  
Once more I see the palaces of Spain,  
I feel the kindling thrill of young ambition,  
The tide sweeps on—the song is lost again.

The legend tells of vocal sea-sands sifting,  
With vibrant forces, resonant and strong,  
And on the surging sand-dunes fretting, drifting  
Like broken hearts that hide their griefs in song.  
Tell me, white atoms, in your sad oblation  
Of drift that lies so deep that none may scan,  
Is it forgotten in God's great creation,  
Who formed the fleeting, hour-glass life of man?

The legend tells of those who long have slumbered,  
A forest race too valorous to flee,  
Who, when in battle by their foes outnumbered,  
With clasping hands came singing to the sea.

The ocean drew them to her hidden keeping,  
The stars watched over them in the deeps above,  
Their death-song lingers, but the tones of weeping  
Tell the eternity of human love.

### Spanish Moss

WHERE forest oaks as sentries stand  
Outstretching to the distant seas,  
The gray moss of the Southern land  
Waves softly in the evening breeze.  
Its tiny roots their life-strings draw  
From ancient bough and tender stem,  
And, fed by nature's mystic law,  
Like a gray mist doth compass them.

As by some fairy fingers spun  
It trembles to the wind's soft sigh,  
It sways to kisses of the sun  
As cloud-wreaths mingle in the sky.  
The wild bird gathers for her brood  
The floss to line her sylvan nest,  
It screens her tender solitude  
And softly veils her bed of rest.

Such fragile root the moss hath won  
And yet it seems divinely fed,  
And can it be from sun to sun  
A hungry heart may lack for bread?

So little fills our earthly store,  
O gray moss of the Southern land!  
May one go missing evermore  
The clasping of a vanished hand?

## WILLIAM WALTON HOSKINS

Born in Holmes county in 1856, Mr. Hoskins has been a lawyer, a minister, and an editor, in which last capacity he had control of papers at Lexington and Corinth. His volume, entitled "Atlantis and Other Poems," was published in 1881. "Atlantis" is a long and interesting story of the fabled island or continent known in legend by that name.

## Prologue of "Atlantis"

COME, reader, go with me unto the sea's dark caves,  
And let us solve the secrets of its hidden graves.

Thence let us lift the solemn pall that shrouds  
The lifeless forms of its imprisoned crowds.

Whole empires we will raise from out their silent  
tomb,

Where they have lain, long centuries, in gloom ;

Rebuild their cities that have crumpled to decay,  
And people them again as in their olden day.

The same tall trees shall lift their heads again,  
The same rich fruits shall bloom on hill and plain ;

The same bright streams shall irrigate the soil,  
And the same harvests bless attentive toil.

The same wild birds shall thrill the list'ning air,  
And the same flowers shed their fragrance there ;

The pulseless dead shall wake again to life,  
And know the old contentment, and the strife.

The man, who, in his golden pride and prime,  
Seemed lost to earth before the needful time ;

The woman, who, with matron-face, sedate,  
Bowed her meek face and yielded to her fate ;

The boy, who, in his thoughtless, careless glee,  
Smiled a sweet smile, and smiling, ceased to be ;

The girl, who, in her radiant summer years,  
Took flight amid fair Nature's sighs and tears ;

The infant, which, scarce welcomed to the earth,  
Was nursed by Death the moment of its birth ;

The passions, same, shall sway the human breast :  
Love, Envy, Hate, Revenge, and all the rest !



## ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY

This author was born at Natchez in 1828, and died in Lexington, Ky., in 1894. Her published works consist of two novels, "Woodburn" and "Marsh," and three volumes of verse: "Poems by Rosa," "Daisy Dare," and "The Crimson Hand and Other Poems." Her poems have been very popular. An interesting sketch of her life may be found in "Women of the South Distinguished in Literature," published in 1861.

## Angel Watchers

ANGEL faces watch my pillow, angel voices haunt my  
sleep,  
And upon the winds of midnight shining pinions  
round me sweep;  
Floating downward on the starlight two bright infant  
forms I see,  
They are mine, my own bright darlings, come from  
Heaven to visit me.

Earthly children smile upon me, but those little ones  
above  
Were the first to stir the fountains of a mother's  
deathless love;  
And, as now they watch my slumber, while their soft  
eyes on me shine,  
God forgive a mortal yearning still to call His angels  
mine.



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Earthly children fondly call me, but no mortal voice  
can seem

Sweet as those that whisper "Mother!" 'mid the  
glories of my dream;

Years will pass, and earthly prattlers cease perchance  
to lisp my name,

But my angel babies' accents shall be evermore the  
same.

And the bright band now around us from their home  
perchance will rove,

In their strength no more depending on my constant  
care and love;

But my first-born still shall wander from the sky, in  
dreams to rest

Their soft cheeks and shining tresses on an earthly  
mother's breast.

Time may steal away the freshness, or some whelming  
grief destroy

All the hopes that erst had blossomed in my summer-  
time of joy;

Earthly children may forsake me, earthly friends per-  
haps betray,

Every tie that now unites me to this life may pass  
away.

But, unchanged, those angel watchers, from their blest  
immortal home,

Pure and fair, to cheer the sadness of my darkened  
dreams shall come.

And I cannot feel forsaken, for, though 'reft of  
earthly love,  
Angel children call me "Mother!" and my soul will  
look above.

## S. A. JONAS

This veteran editor of the Aberdeen *Examiner* died in that city in 1913. He was long a prominent citizen of Mississippi.

## A Confederate Note

REPRESENTING nothing on God's earth now,  
And naught in the water below it,  
As the pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,  
Keep it, dear friends, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear,  
To the tale that this trifle will tell  
Of liberty born of a patriot's dreams,  
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,  
And too much of a stranger to borrow,  
She issued to-day her promise to pay,  
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,  
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;  
It gazed in our eyes with a "promise" to pay,  
And each patriot soldier believed it.

Keep it,—it tells our history o'er,  
From the birth of the dream to the last,—  
Modest, and born of the angel Hope,  
Like our hope of success, it passed!

## Only a Soldier's Grave

ONLY a soldier's grave! Pass by;  
For soldiers, like other mortals, die.  
Parents he had—they are far away;  
No sister weeps o'er the soldier's clay;  
No brother comes, with a tearful eye:  
It's only a soldier's grave,—pass by.

True, he was loving, and young, and brave,  
Though no glowing epitaph honors his grave;  
No proud recital of virtues known,  
Of griefs endured or of triumphs won;  
No tablet of marble or obelisk high;—  
Only a soldier's grave,—pass by.

Yet bravely he wielded his sword in fight,  
And he gave his life in the cause of right!  
When his hope was high and his youthful  
dream

As warm as the sunlight on yonder stream;  
His heart unvexed by sorrow or sigh;—  
Yet, 'tis only a soldier's grave,—pass by.

Yet, should we mark it,—the soldier's grave,  
Some one may seek him in hope to save!  
Some of the dear ones, far away,  
Would bear him home to his native clay:  
'Twere sad, indeed, should they wander nigh,  
Find not the hillock, and pass him by.

## ROBERT JOSSELYN

A native of Massachusetts, where he was born in 1810, Robert Josselyn, after being licensed to practice law in Virginia, removed to Mississippi, where he made his home. He served as an officer under Jefferson Davis in the Mexican War, and was the Confederate President's secretary during the first year of the Civil War. He was the author of three volumes: "The Faded Flower and Other Poems," "A Satire on the Times," and "The Coquette." His death occurred in Texas, to which state he moved from Mississippi, where he was connected with several papers.

### The Young Widow

SHE is modest, but not bashful;  
Free and easy, but not bold;  
Like an apple ripe and mellow,  
Not too young and not too old.  
Half-inviting, half-repulsing;  
Now advancing, and now shy;  
There is mischief in her dimple;  
There is danger in her eye.

Are you sad? How very serious  
Will her handsome face become!  
Are you angry? She is wretched,  
Lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb.

Are you mirthful? How her laughter,  
Silver-sounding, will ring out!  
She can lure, and catch, and play you,  
Like the angler does the trout.

She has studied human nature,  
She is schooled in all her arts,  
She has taken her diploma  
As the mistress of all hearts;  
She can tell the very moment  
When to sigh and when to smile,—  
Oh, a maid is *sometimes* charming,  
But a widow—all the while.

Ye old bachelors of forty,  
Who have grown so bald and wise;  
Young Americans of twenty,  
With the love-looks in your eyes,  
You may practice all the lessons  
Taught by Cupid since the fall,  
But I know a little widow  
Who could win and fool you all.



## JOHN S. KENDALL

Professor Kendall is a member of the faculty of Tulane University. He was born at Ocean Springs.

## Requiem

LAY him low beneath the pines,  
Where he loved to be;  
There the mating birds will come,  
And the drowsy bee;  
But he will not hear them, now,  
And he will not see.

Sweet the scent of flowers there,  
And of hay new-mown,  
From the half-reaped fields below  
By the breezes blown;  
But he will not know of them  
When the day is done.

If at twilight's peaceful hour  
Friendly shadows keep  
Vigil by the narrow bed  
Where he lies asleep,  
Will it soothe his spirit there,  
In the earth asleep?

Who shall read the riddle right,  
Underneath the grass,  
All the brave ambition stilled  
Like a dream that was,  
All the high joy at an end  
Ere it came to pass?

Yet how near an answer is—  
In the heaven's blue,  
In the calyx of a flower,  
Or a drop of dew:  
Strange, if we should cease to know  
Him whom once we knew!

Somewhere each unfinished song  
Finds a perfect close;  
Somewhere each defeated hope  
Full fruition knows;  
And what seems a broken life  
Shall be one with those.

Leave him there beneath the pines!  
Shall we count it gain,—  
We, who watch confusedly  
In the gates of pain,  
Asking for we know not what,—  
All our asking vain?

We who loved him know his peace  
Waits not on our will,  
And the anguish in our hearts  
Cannot work him ill:  
Let him sleep beneath the pines,  
There upon the hill!

### Aspiration

THE bird that limps on a wounded wing,  
Lost in the hedgerow's shadow deep,  
Yet aches with the desire to sing,—  
To sing and soar on tireless sweep  
Of pinion through unbounded sky,—  
Is you  
And I.

The flow'ret blooming in the shade  
Of forests long forgot and old,  
That fain a moment would be laid  
In Beauty's hair of shining gold,—  
For that brief triumph glad to die,—  
Is you  
And I.

O heart that beats unsatisfied,  
O spirit gyved with petty care,  
O shattered hope and stricken pride,  
We in the common burden share,  
For all things that aspire too high  
Are you  
And I.

## WILL H. KERNAN

Almost immediately after Kernan became editor of *The States*, a newspaper published at Okolona, in 1876, that paper sprang into national prominence. In prose and verse the editor set down the sentiments of the "unreconstructed" people of the South. The circulation of this country weekly soon reached ten thousand, and its utterances became the subject of debate in Congress. Born in Ohio, Kernan was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1869, and immediately began newspaper work. In 1875 he came South. He has been connected with papers in a half-dozen or more states. His poems, which appeared under the title "The Flaming Meteor," were published in 1892.

## Questionings

I WONDER when the spirit  
Leaves the flesh and bone that bound it  
To the passions of our planet  
And the raptures of our race,  
If it sees its poor lost body,  
With the loving arms around it;  
If it quivers with the kisses  
On the pure and pallid face!

I wonder if it listens  
To the praises of the pastor;  
Hears him say the dead has risen  
To the Sunland of the Soul,

---

While it knows the secret sinnings  
Of the thing that was its master  
Rise with flaming swords to drive it  
From the glory and the goal!

I wonder if it watches  
Till it sees the dead forgotten,—  
Sees new friends usurp the favor  
Of the hearts that were its own;  
If it looks below the daisies  
Where the grave-worm is begotten,—  
Where the eyeless skull is grinning  
At a jest to us unknown!

I wonder if the truth is  
That the spirit can remember  
All its pains and all its passions,  
All its terrors and its tears,  
Stealing swiftly on its vivid  
Summer visions, as November  
Crashes down in storm and darkness  
On the splendor of the years!

No! ah, no! Far better for us  
That we die, and die forever,—  
That we slip into the shadows  
And the silences eterne,  
Than be hunted down and haunted,  
When the soul and sense dis sever,  
With the memories that mock us  
In this lower life inferne!



## HERBERT LAMPE

Mr. Lampe is a resident of Los Angeles, Cal. Born in Ohio, in his early youth he came to Mississippi, where he made his home in Jones county, until he moved to the West four or five years ago. His poems have been written either for his own amusement or for the entertainment of his friends.

## It Is Spring in My Heart

*Song with Irish Accent*

It is Spring in my heart: and the sunlight is dancing  
Where sparkles and glistens the new fallen dew;  
And its radiance bright, through the foliage glancing,  
With its smiles and its tears sure reminds me of  
you.

It is Spring in my heart: and all nature is calling;  
So, blushing demurely, the maple inclines;  
And shy yellow blossoms, confused, now are falling  
As the jessamine true the red maple entwines.

It is Spring in my heart: and the mocking bird, sing-  
ing,  
Sure changes his tune as occasion demands;  
And his melody now through the woodland is ringing;  
Sure, his tune every bird in the woods understands.



---

It is Spring in my heart: and the brook, running  
wildly,

Sure, gleefully, mirthfully dashes its spray;  
With a laugh and a song,—sure, I'm putting it  
mildly,—

Makes love to the flowers it meets by the way.

It is Spring in my heart: and the sun is yet shining,

The maple and jasmine still covered with dew;  
Sure, the murmuring brook and the birds are di-  
vining

That my heart, altogether, belongs now to you.

## ELEANOR PERCY LEE

Mrs. Lee was born in Adams county in 1820, and died in Natchez in 1849. She was the sister of Catherine Anne Warfield, and was, with her sister, co-author of two volumes of poetry: "The Wife of Leon and Other Poems" and "The Indian Chamber and Other Poems."

## Locust Trees

LEAD me beneath the locust trees,  
Where grass and violets spring,  
And whence the gentle summer breeze  
Bears fragrance on its wing.  
I sicken in this shadowed room,  
This place of grief and pain;  
Ah, let me greet the scent and bloom  
Of those loved trees again!

Those blossoms slight and delicate,  
Are fraught with many a dream;  
They shadowed o'er my father's gate,  
With their white sunny gleam:  
They hung around the lowly eaves;  
They drooped above the door,  
With their small green and fluttering leaves,  
In motion evermore.

We wove their blooms upon our brows,  
The young, bright month of June;  
And all beneath their sheltering boughs,  
We shunned the heat of noon.  
They bear with them a holy spell  
Of long departed years;  
What marvel that I love them well,  
Although I give them tears!

Lay me beneath the locust trees,  
When life hath passed away,  
With all its bitter mysteries,—  
Its sorrows and decay.  
If foreign skies must shade my grave  
With gray and cheerless gloom,  
Oh, let, at least, above me wave  
These trees of glorious bloom!

And they with branches heavenward cast  
Shall shield my silent dust:  
Familiar friends, that to the last  
Were faithful to their trust!  
Alas! how lone, how desolate  
Must be that heart, which clings  
With love that baffles time and fate,  
To still and senseless things!

My heart, across that gulf of grief,—  
That waste of care and pain,—  
That marked its sojourn dark and brief,  
Goes back to youth again.

I, who have trodden palaces,  
And known a proud command,  
Find all my comfort traced in these  
Trees of my native land!

## MUNA LEE

Miss Lee was born in Raymond, Miss., in 1895, and when eighteen received her bachelor's degree from the University of Mississippi. She has spent most of her life in Oklahoma. The selections from her verse here made first appeared in *Poetry*, a Magazine of Verse published in Chicago.

## Compensation

I SHALL not grieve that you are dead.

I sing to you when the stars hang low;  
And though I sang till dawn were red,  
You still must hear, you could not go.

You are contented, being dead—

You who were used to wander far.  
Now I plant flowers at your head,  
And steal out nightly where you are.

Ah, once you wandered far and long,  
And left me waiting hopeless here.

Though I sent you my breaking heart in a song,  
You were too far—you could not hear.

Now it is I could go oversea,

And though I stayed till years were sped,  
You would lie peaceful, waiting me.

I shall not grieve that you are dead.

## Magdalen

God made my body slim and white  
To be men's torture and men's delight.

God made my heart a wayside inn,  
And there the guests keep merry din.

God left my soul a lamp unlit—  
But only God ever thinks of it.



## W. B. LOCKWOOD

Mr. Lockwood is a lawyer who makes his home in Crystal Springs. His poem "Nail the Flag to the Plow" achieved immediate success upon its publication.

## Nail the Flag to the Plow

NAIL the flag to the plow!  
The country needs grain,  
While the sailor boys guard  
The tracks of the main.  
God gave you the fields  
And the sun with its light;  
Then double their yields  
While the sailor boys fight.

Nail the flag to the plow!  
The soldiers must eat  
While defending the trenches  
Or suffer defeat.  
You can help the brave soldier  
At this time of his need  
By increasing your acres,  
And planting more seed.

Nail the flag to the plow!  
Your children and wife  
Must be saved from starvation  
While the world is in strife.  
Your duty is plain;  
Your mission is grand;  
Each man is a hero  
Who's tilling the land.

You say you're too old  
To fight with a gun;  
Then work in the fields  
Till the setting of sun,  
And show to the world  
By the sweat on your brow,  
That you're serving your country  
With a flag on your plow.

## MARGARET ANN LOGAN

Miss Logan, who lives at Pass Christian, has published one volume of verse, "Sweet Alyssum."

## Success

I FANCIED her a fair and flower-crowned maid  
Compassed with rosy light,  
And at her shrine youth, hope, and fortune laid—  
She never blessed my sight.

So passed the years, and I, grown old and gray,  
Thought not her wreath to wear,  
For death had borne the loving friends away  
Who joyed my joy to share.

'Twas then a calm-eyed, low-voiced woman came  
That dreary hour to bless;  
I gently greeted, and besought her name:  
Smiling, she said: "Success."

## WILLIAM WILBERFORCE LORD

For many years Mr. Lord—though a native of New York state—was rector of an Episcopal church in Vicksburg; and was also a chaplain in the Confederate Army. He was a close friend of Jefferson Davis. After the Civil War he returned North and died in the state of his birth. He was the author of three volumes of verse: “André,” “Christ in Hades,” and “Poems.”

## A Dirge

It falls to one, it falls to all!  
He that we bear but goes before,  
Goes from his door beneath the pall,  
And comes no more.

From roof and hearthstone, one by one,  
We bear the neighbors whom we love,  
The bearers are the borne full soon.  
Ah! Softly move;

And shrink not from the harmless dead,  
For ye hasten to their company;  
Loathe not, for in the same low bed  
We all must lie.

## BOOTH LOWREY

As a platform lecturer of great ability Mr. Lowrey is well known throughout the United States. He has written many poems, the majority of which have been published either in newspapers or magazines. His home is at Blue Mountain.

## The Red-Haired Girl

You may sing your song to the queenly grace  
Of the raven-haired brunette,  
To the faithful soul of the blue-eyed blonde  
With her pose of a statuette;  
You may pine and die over hazel eyes,  
You may rave o'er the chestnut curl,  
But for all the charms of the world combined,  
Just give me a red-haired girl.

The eyes of jet and the raven locks  
Are a source of rare delight,  
And the moonbeam curls of the meek-eyed blonde  
Are a soul-bewitching sight;  
But the peach-like cheeks and the rosy lips  
And the teeth of chiseled pearl,  
Are the outward sparks of an inward light,  
The soul of the red-haired girl.

Her cheeks are fresh as the blushing rose  
That blooms in the joyous spring;  
Her eyes are bright as the summer's beams  
That dance on the blue-bird's wing;  
Her hair is like to the autumn leaves  
That glisten, and dance, and whirl;  
And the seasons, all but the winter's chill,  
Are found in the red-haired girl.

The blush of spring, and the summer's calm,  
And the autumn's sober truth,  
The placid candor of sweet old age  
And the fire of ardent youth,  
O, Nature's casket of rarest gems,  
Of rubies and gold and pearl,  
Of diamonds, onyx and evening stars,  
O, royal, red-haired girl!



## PERRIN HOLMES LOWREY

This author is a member of the well-known Lowrey family of Mississippi. His home is at Blue Mountain. His poems have appeared in the leading magazines.

## War Dogs of the Sea

THE bulldog battleships are chained  
At anchor, kenneled in the bay;  
The swift, sleek cruisers doze and dream,  
Lank, supple-sinewed, graceful, gray;  
The restless beagle gunboats go  
From point to point and sniff the sea;  
Torpedo boats lie long and low,—  
The watch dogs of our liberty.

The wireless purrs approaching doom.  
The pack awakes. The beagles leap,  
The slender cruisers race the gloom;  
The bulldogs plunge along the deep;  
The mastiff dreadnoughts breast the wind;  
The scent is caught. The quarry flees,  
The ranging dogs in hot pursuit,  
In eager anger, hunt the seas.

Their searchlight eyes descry the game,  
Their savage voices tear the night.  
A froth of fury flecks the main,—  
The pathway of the running fight.  
The baying thunder of the guns,  
The tangled growls, the brutal bark  
Of all the dogs of war are heard  
Across the distance and the dark.

The panting pack limps home at last  
Along a star-filled, silent sea,  
Their huge hearts throbbing proudly past,  
Their wet flanks grim with victory.  
The carcasses of mangled prey  
Are, stripped and ghastly, flung afar;  
A great flag stiffens in the wind,  
Defended by the dogs of war.

### Song of the Flag

OH, sing we the song of the flag,  
Of the banner that billows and beats  
As it rips through the wind on the roofs of the towns  
And whips at the top of the fleets.

It tears through the rage of the blast,  
In a fury it tugs to be free,  
As it swings in the teeth of the storms of the land  
And sings in the gales of the sea.

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It runs in the winds of the plains,  
It steadies and stiffens and thrills,  
It streams in the smoke of the scattering clouds,  
And gleams on the bayonet hills.

Oh, sing we a song of the flag,  
As it bellies and flutters and flings,  
As it leaps to a home in the arms of the air,  
And laughs at the lusts of the kings.

It flames with the red of the dawn,  
And the white of the breakers that race;  
It burns with a beacon of wonderful stars  
On a banner of infinite space.

## JAMES D. LYNCH

Mr. Lynch was for years a citizen of West Point, Miss., where he was engaged in the practice of law. He died in Texas. His best known poem is the one entitled "Columbia Saluting the Nations"; his poems have, however, never been published in book form. He was the author of "Kemper County Vindicated" and "The Bench and Bar of Mississippi," as well as of two or more books that were published after he went to Texas.

## The Fall of the Alamo

UPON the western borders, under Bexar's amber skies,  
Where the sparkling earth-born Pedro emerges from  
its rise,  
And, dancing through the copses and sunny margin  
charms,  
Spreads its grass-leashed tresses in San Antonio's  
arms:  
Amid a scenery glowing with soft Elysian beam  
A castled convent nestled fast beside the limpid  
stream,  
Where heaven and nature mingled their joint prime-  
val sway  
And orison and carol were wont to wake the day.  
But now the sacred fortress, embattlement and shrine,  
Was girt about by darkness and Santa Anna's line;

While Travis held his Texans in daring firm array,  
And manned the fated ramparts without the least  
dismay,

Five thousand Mexic soldiers began their fierce as-  
sault;

Less than two hundred Texans compelled their line  
to halt;

The vengeful missiles battered and dinned the fort-  
ress' walls,

While ever its fiery casements returned a shower of  
balls.

Ten days and nights the assailants renewed their  
fierce attack;

Ten days and nights the Texans as fiercely beat them  
back,

And spread around a purple destruction far and  
wide;

Yet their thin line was weakened by every beating  
tide;

But their brave leader called and their dauntless  
spirits fired

To meet a death as votive as knighthood e'er inspired.

"Who'll not say 'Die' and never a coward's breath  
resign?"

He asked, as with his sword-point he calmly drew a  
line.

All leaped the test of courage and pledged their  
dying might,

Save one weak soul who sought to escape by means  
of flight.



The morning came and once more was heard at rise  
of sun

Far o'er the plains the pealing of their last signal  
gun—

List, Houston, 'tis a farewell, the last sad word of  
fate!

Haste, double-quick, bring succor! Alas! too late!  
too late!

For at the midnight hour of that ensanguined day  
The foe, with fury raging, advanced upon their prey;  
And pressing through the scanty and dwindling  
fusillades,

O'erleaped the feeble bastions and forced the barri-  
cades.

“Blow up the fort!” the wounded but dauntless  
Travis cried,—

The sweet death-triumph gladdened the dying sol-  
dier's pride.

A faithful comrade hastened, delighted to obey,  
But fell before his fagot could crown the immortal day.  
Within the breach the remnant of freedom's martyrs  
stood

And grappled with their victors to dearly sell their  
blood—

A clang, a shout, a silence, and living—there were  
none:

Alamo's valiant struggle and tragic work were done.

Live on, grow old undimmed, thou glorious Alamo!  
Grow old in years and memories, for thou canst never  
grow



Too old for fame; its radiance will ever blazon thee  
And ever wreath with glory its New Thermopylæ.  
Thy blood will cry forever (of messengers thou had'st  
none),

And tell thy patriot story to every clime and sun—  
Old memories ever quicken a breathing in thy stones  
And ring thy hoary walls with sound of thrilling  
tones;

For when I listen reverently, an echo of the years  
Recalls the battle shout, and I hear Jacinto's cheers:  
"Forward, forward, comrades, remember the Alamo!  
And let its fee of vengeance be death to every foe!"

Live, Travis, Bonham, Bowie, and Crocket, live in  
name!

Death quenched your patriot spirits, but freedom  
caught the flame;

Let honor shine forever on all the hallowed band  
Who fell at the Alamo—birth-offering of a land.

Ah, they died blessed, for heaven decreed the patri-  
ot's prize

That from their martyr ashes the bright Lone Star  
should rise.

All praise to the noble "Daughters," whose zeal of  
soul sublime

Would shield the sacred relic from wasting blasts  
of time!

## WALTER MALONE

Malone was born in De Soto county in 1860, and died in Memphis, Tenn., in 1914. When he was seventeen years of age his first book of poems was published, and his second when he was nineteen. He was educated at the University of Mississippi; was licensed to practice law; went to Memphis and there entered into practice. In that city he held high judicial position. His published works comprise ten volumes: "Claribel and Other Poems," "Narcissus," "The Outcast," "The Coming of the King," "Dusk and Dawn," "December and June," "Songs of North and South," "Poems," "Songs of East and West," and "Hernando De Soto."

## Opportunity

THEY do me wrong who say I come no more  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand outside your door,  
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,  
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!  
Each night I burn the records of the day,—  
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Laugh like a boy at pleasures that have sped,  
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;  
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,  
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep ;  
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"  
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep,  
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?  
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?  
Then turn the blotted archives of the past,  
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;  
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;  
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,  
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

### The World Is My Home

I TRAVEL to East, I wander to West;  
Each land that I see is dear to my breast.  
I greet the green hills as I float down the Rhine,  
The vineyards of France I love as if mine.  
With rapture, the castles of England I see,  
And Switzerland's peaks are old friends to me;  
A freeman of Athens, a tribune of Rome,—  
All men are my brothers, the world is my home.

Wherever we meet, on sea or on sod,  
We are brethren of Christ, we are children of God.  
They may prattle of codes, or prate of their creeds,—  
I care not for these, but for brotherly deeds.

They may boast of their church, their clique, or their  
clan—

I but yearn for the touch of a true fellow-man.  
So my heart still repeats, wherever I roam:  
“All men are my brothers, the world is my home.”

### “He Who Hath Loved”

HE who hath loved hath borne a vassal's chain,  
And worn the royal purple of a king;  
Hath shuddered 'neath the icy Winter's sting;  
Then reveled in the golden Summer's reign;  
He hath within the dust and ashes lain,  
Then soared o'er mountains on an eagle's wing;  
A hut hath slept in, worn with wandering,  
And hath been lord of castle-towers in Spain.  
He who hath loved hath starved in beggar's cell,  
Then in Aladdin's jeweled chariot driven;  
He hath with passion roamed, a demon fell,  
And had an angel's raiment to him given;  
His restless soul hath burned with flames of hell,  
And winged through ever-blooming fields of heaven.

### The Graveyard

ONCE I feared thee, mournful Monarch, with thy sad  
and solemn dells,  
Haunted by the vesper shadows and the sobbing fu-  
neral bells;

---

Haunted by the spectral roses, in their silken robes  
of white,  
And the mock-bird's mystic singing in the dim and  
dusky night;

Haunted by the tombstones ghastly gleaming through  
magnolia leaves,  
And the restless moonlight figures where the grave-  
mound dimly heaves.

But my loved ones gather with thee in the fading,  
fleeting years,  
And I lay within thy caverns all my joys and hopes  
and fears.

Thou hast treasures in thy bosom richer than the  
ocean's caves,  
Where the lustrous pearls are beaming and the coral  
forest waves,

Where the mermaid gathers amber filled with mellow  
golden light,  
And the silver-weighted galleons glimmer through  
the emerald night;

Thou hast hearts of gold within thee, hearts all price-  
less pearls above,  
Rich with sweetness, rich with kindness, rich with  
never-dying love;



Thou hast dreams and aspirations sleeping with thy  
sheeted dead,  
Wondrous visions, grand ambitions, from the earth  
forever fled.

Thou hast beauties in thy bosom, blooming under-  
neath our feet,  
Lovelier than our purple lilacs and our jasmine soft  
and sweet;

Thou hast blue-eyed, dimpled children, with their  
mazy golden hair,  
Thou hast maids with brows of beauty, manly figures  
sleeping there.

Thou hast wisdom in thy bosom greater than the lore  
of earth,  
Gathered by its gray-haired sages from the dim crea-  
tion's birth;

Thou hast infants in thy bosom, learned in secrets  
whispered low,  
Which our wise men seek forever, never find, and  
never know.



## WALTER D. MARTIN

Though born at West Point, Miss., in 1870, Mr. Martin was for several years a resident of Tennessee. In 1906 a volume of his work appeared, "Lenora and Other Poems." He died at Clarksville, Tenn., in 1916.

## Not There

I ATTENDED the ball last night, sweetheart,  
And the music that thrilled the air  
Was sweet as of yore. Yet, oh, what a bore  
Was the dance,—for you were not there!

And the girls, young and fair, were there, sweet-  
heart,—  
All happy and gay as could be;  
And right from the start through kindness of heart  
The fairest one oft favored me.

Yet as I wheeled o'er the smooth wax floor, sweet-  
heart,—  
'Neath the light shades of purple and blue,  
My heart was elsewhere, not there, oh, not there,—  
'Twas with you, sweetheart, with you.

## ALEXANDER K. McCLUNG

Born in Virginia, a nephew of Chief Justice John Marshall, McClung came to Mississippi in 1832. He was a lawyer and an editor. He served as an officer in the War with Mexico. His death, which occurred in Jackson, was self-inflicted.

“As an evidence of the genius of Col. McClung, his ‘Invocation to Death’ is here subjoined, and remembering that he died by his own hand in the June of life, it will be read with melancholy interest by his early friends who still linger upon the shores of time.” “History of Mississippi,” by Lowry and McCardle.

## Invocation to Death

SWIFTLY speed o'er the wastes of time,  
Spirit of Death.  
In manhood's morn, in youthful prime,  
I woo thy breath.  
For the glittering hues of hope are fled  
Like the dophin's light;  
And dark are the clouds above my head  
As the starless night.  
Oh, vainly the mariner sighs for the rest  
Of the peaceful haven,  
The pilgrim saint for the shrines of the blest,  
The calm of heaven;  
The galley slave for the night wind's breath,  
At burning noon;  
But more gladly I'd spring to thy arms, O Death,  
Come soon, come soon!

## DAVID MOORE

A native of western Tennessee, Moore came to Mississippi about 1870. He is a lawyer by profession, and has practiced in the southeastern part of the state. He now makes his home in Jackson. His poems, under the title "Fallen Leaves," were published in 1914.

## Take Courage

THO' hostile might array to fight,  
And bitter is life's cup;  
Tho' oft defeat compels retreat,  
And hides the sun of hope;  
Be glad with joys, for time employs  
Thy griefs to guide thee right;  
For happy lays shall cheer thy days,  
And love shall bring thee light.

Tho' thorny crown, and fortune's frown,  
Be thine to take and wear;  
Tho' dregs and dross, and suffering's cross  
Be thine to hold and bear;  
Take courage up, and, brave with hope,  
Go forth subduing strife;  
The truth defend, and in the end  
Thou'lt have a crown of life.

## CLAUDIA BODDIE MONEY

Mrs. Money was the wife of Hon. H. D. Money, who served for two terms as United States Senator from Mississippi, and who had also been a member of the House of Representatives before entering the upper house of Congress. She was a woman of great culture and of decided literary ability. After her death a memorial volume of some of her writings, entitled "Prose and Verse," was published by Senator Money for distribution among relatives and friends.

## To a Violinist

HARMONIOUS sounds that fill me with delight

There's sure no passion of the human heart  
But is entangled in those trembling notes,

The sweetest, saddest strains within the reach of  
art.

Alas, its charm! Each tender, melting air

Hath wondrous power o'er weary hearts like mine.  
It seems as if the quivering strings would break  
'Neath all the mighty weight of happiness divine.

Thou sacred Muse, who lends to human thought

Such mystic joy, such subtle grace and fire,—  
To Thee I leave no avenue of sense unclosed,—  
When artist-fingers touch th' immortal lyre!

## ELIZA JANE NICHOLSON

Mrs. Nicholson was a native of Hancock county, where she was born in 1849. She died at New Orleans in 1896. Of the many poems she wrote, but a few, comparatively, are included in her only published volume, "Lyrics," which appeared in 1877. Much of her verse was written under her *nom de plume*, "Pearl Rivers."

## Only a Heart

ONLY a heart,—a woman's heart!  
Step on it, crush it—so!  
Bravely done, like a man, and true,  
Turn on your heel and go.

Only a heart! Do not fear, my lord,  
Nobody on earth is near  
To come to the cry of the wounded thing,  
And God is too far to hear!

Only a heart! What matters it, pray,  
My lord of the iron heel;  
Crush it again, with a pitiless smile;  
'Tis weakness, my lord, to feel.



Nay, stoop not to touch it, my lord,  
With the balm of a gentle word.  
So—so—coldly turn from the crushed, bleed-  
ing thing;  
It is only a heart, my lord.

Only a heart! What harm is done?  
Let it bleed in the dust, and moan,  
Or stifle its anguish as best it may,  
Or stiffen, my lord, into stone.

Only a heart! It was fresh, and young,  
And tender and warm, I know;  
As pure as the spirit of chastity,  
My lord, and it loved you so.

But nothing is lost. Let it die, my lord,  
Let its death be quiet or slow.  
Such hearts are plenty as summer leaves;  
We find them wherever we go.

Only a heart! and for loving you so,  
The cup that you gave let it drain  
To the bitterest dregs. Let it quiver and  
bleed,—  
Let it beat a full rhythm of pain.

Nay! Stay not to make it a grave, my lord;  
But back to your pleasures depart,—  
No blood on your hand, no stain on your soul;  
It was only a weak woman's heart!



## The Soldier's Grave

TREAD lightly,—'tis a soldier's grave,  
A lonely, mossy mound,—  
And yet, to hearts like mine and thine,  
It should be holy ground.

Speak softly; let no careless laugh,  
No idle, thoughtless jest,  
Escape thy lips, where sweetly sleeps  
The hero in his rest.

For him no reveille shall beat,  
When morning beams shall come;  
For him at night, no tattoo rolls  
Its thunder from the drum.

No costly marble marks the place  
Recording deeds of fame;  
But rudely on that bending tree  
Is carved the soldier's name.

A name not dear to us, but, ah!  
There may be lips that breathe  
That name as sacredly and low  
As vesper prayers at eve.

There may be brows that wear for him  
The mourning cypress vine;  
And hearts that make this lonely grave  
A holy pilgrim shrine.

There may be eyes that joyed to gaze  
With love into his own,  
Now keeping midnight vigils long  
With silent grief alone.

There may be hands now clasped in prayer  
This soldier's hand has pressed ;  
And cheeks washed pale by sorrow's tears,  
His own cold cheek caressed.

Tread lightly ; for a man bequeathed,  
Ere laid beneath this sod,  
His ashes to his native land,  
His gallant soul to God !

### Waiting

Down the golden shores of Sunset,  
On the silver Twilight strand,  
For my dark-eyed poet-lover  
I in dreamy waiting stand ;

O'er the waters deep that part us,  
In the fairy barque of Thought,  
Winged with silken sails from Dreamland,  
By the hand of Fancy wrought,

He is floating, floating softly,  
Floating straight to love and me.  
Hark ! the mellow, mellow music  
Of his voice upon the sea.

Reason guides the fairy shallop,  
And his heart-throbs dip it low;  
With a dreamy, dreamy motion,  
Rock it gently to and fro.

He has passed the shoals of Pleasure,  
Though the sirens singing there  
Sought to bind him to their bosoms  
With their golden, golden hair.

And he brings a precious freightage,  
Sparkling gems of Poesie,  
Gathered from the Isles of Beauty,  
And this wealth is all for me.

All for me! his chaste, his chosen,  
Standing by the Sunset-land,  
Like the spirit of a Lily  
On the silver Twilight strand!

## MARY H. M. ODUM

Mrs. Odum—whose volume, “*Lenare and Other Poems*,” appeared in 1866—was a resident of Vicksburg before her removal to Texas, a few years after the close of the Civil War. She was born in Kentucky. Her writings were usually produced under the pen name “*L’Eclair*.”

## THE PICKET

*From “Lenare”*

'Twas night; on old Potomac's shore,  
The stars ne'er shone so bright before,—  
The soldier slept upon the ground;  
His single blanket wrapped him round;  
The steady watch-fire's ruddy glow  
Threw lurid light upon the snow,  
And save the picket's measured tread,  
The camp was silent as the dead.  
As slowly o'er the frozen ground  
He walks his weary midnight round,  
His thoughts to bygone pleasures roam,—  
His lone heart wanders back to home:  
The father, on whose noble brow  
The snows of age are sprinkled now,  
Who breathed a prayer that he might be  
True to the cause of liberty;

The mother, who, in infancy,  
Had nursed him all so tenderly;  
Ah! well her boy remembers now  
Each furrow on her aged brow,  
While o'er him steals, with thrilling power,  
The memory of that parting hour;  
The moment of her last good-by,  
When, with a sadly filling eye,  
She bade farewell to him and joy,  
And said: "God bless my soldier boy!"  
Then o'er his heart a softness steals,  
That every gallant soldier feels,—  
A feeling manhood cannot smother,  
When thinking of his absent mother.  
Another form, to memory dear,  
Drew from his eye the rising tear;  
A face to his fond heart more fair  
Than tenants of the upper air.  
With sigh suppressed he fondly drew  
From near his heart, so warm and true,—  
Where, e'en in battle it was laid,—  
The image of the lovely maid.  
He stooped beside the vivid blaze,  
That he might for a moment gaze  
With love, with adoration, on  
The eye that beamed for him alone.  
That girlish face was passing fair,  
And beautiful that curl of hair;  
Dearer than aught this side of heaven,  
Save her by whom they both were given.  
Long gazed he on that senseless thing,

The imaged maiden of the Spring,  
That rises in the lonely dell,  
Where fairies future visions tell.  
Then, with a quick, convulsive start,  
He pressed it to his lips and heart.  
“Oh, happy home! beloved Lenare!  
When will thy Walter meet thee there?  
When shall around his heart entwine  
The echoes of that voice divine,  
Where every well-remembered tone  
Around this dreary hour has thrown  
A spell of quiet, pure delight,  
To cheer his lonely heart to-night?”  
Once more he gazed upon her face,  
And then resumed his weary pace.



## JAMES McCARTY OLIVER

While teaching at Lake, Scott county, Oliver brought out a volume entitled "The Battle of Franklin, The Little Girl at Spanish Fort, and Other Poems." That was in 1869. He died in Mississippi a few years later. Before living at Lake Mr. Oliver had lived at Madisonville. He was educated at the University of Virginia, and was an officer in the Confederate Army.

## To Hattie

THERE is an eye, whose glowing light,  
All sweetly pure and purely bright,  
Has made my spirit sigh to think  
What draughts of splendor it could drink  
Fore'er, if in affection free  
That jeweled orb beamed but for me!

There is a lip, whose rosy hue  
Has searched my very being through,  
As Modesty and Virtue, there  
In silence said: "Forbear! Forbear!"  
O Christ! how happy I could be,  
If that sweet lip bloomed but for me!

There is a hand, whose living white,  
And touch of softness exquisite,  
Has made my breast, in silence, own  
A throb, which was before unknown;

Oh! could that hand my beacon be,  
What honors yet might wait for me!

There is a heart, within whose well  
Of deep, rich blood, commingling dwell  
Virtues, whose throbbing tines declare  
A world of love and rapture there!  
Oh! could my head forever be  
But pillowed there,—what joy for me!

There is an eye, a lip, a hand,  
And gentle heart, at One's command,  
Whose tender light, smile, touch, and love  
Some manly soul's delight shall prove.  
My fondest prayer, whoe'er he be,  
Is, lady, that he'll live for thee!

## JOHN W. OVERALL

A native of Virginia, Mr. Overall, at an early age, came to Mississippi. He studied law at Columbus in the office of Gov. Tucker, and practiced his profession successfully in that city. Later he made his home in Mobile, and still later in New Orleans, in which cities he was connected with newspapers.

## To a Miniature

'Tis strange that Art can weave a face  
So radiant and divine,  
So eloquent with thought and grace,  
So beautiful as thine.  
I almost see the warm blood seek  
The blue veins on thy brow,  
And glow upon thy pearly cheek,  
So life-like seemest thou.

I love thy dark eye's sunny glee;  
There's something in its glance  
That tells thy heart is fond and free,  
And full of love's romance.  
The dimpled lake, the sky's soft glow,  
Can no such charms impart,  
As those which thou dost mutely throw  
Around the burning heart.

And o'er that bosom, white as snow,  
Entwined in thy fair finger,  
Dark, dreamy silken ringlets flow,  
As if they loved to linger;  
And blest as heaven are they blest,  
Rocked in their sea-wave motion,  
Like shadows on the tiny breast  
Of some sweet mimic ocean.

Oh! could'st thou break the silent spell  
That binds thy lips so long,  
Each soft, enchanting tone would tell  
That thou wert born for song.  
To me, Art's melody but mocks—  
For, in the gilded South,  
The softest, sweetest music-box  
Is woman's rosy mouth!

How fair these daughters of the sun,  
These black-eyed, sparkling things,  
These jewels of the Holy One,  
These angels without wings!  
One golden look, one crystal tear,  
One sweet, emphatic word,  
Is worth the wealth of Ind, so dear,  
Or all we've seen or heard.

Lo! dreams of love fled by, yet sweet,  
Come back to me again,  
Like parted angels when they meet  
In Aiden's dear domain.

And gazing in those orbs of light,  
Did I but know thee, girl,  
I'd brave the battle's fiercest fight  
For one bright smile or curl!

## WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

Mr. Percy is a member of a family long distinguished in the social, political, and literary history of Mississippi. He is a lawyer, and is engaged in the practice of his profession in Greenville, of which city he is a native. A volume of his poetry, "Sappho in Levkas and Other Poems," was published in 1915.

## For Music

O SINGER, canst thou summon up  
The early blue-bird's wing?  
The pang of those uncertain days  
That swoon with unborn spring?

O singer, canst thou summon up  
The crimson of the rose,  
The silver gloom of April dawns,  
The breathless unrepouse;

The yearning in the dark, divine,  
Deep woods, abloom and dumb,  
The starry, tear-blurred nights of May  
That bring delirium?

O singer, canst thou summon up  
In music all the spring  
Whose crowding incense caught my heart  
So long ago?—Then sing!



## To the Mississippi

THEY came from fierce burnt Spain to seek for gold  
Upon thy shores, and with superb, strange prows  
Dazzled the wilderness. Their proud swarth brows  
With gorgeous lust of gems and trove made bold  
The river folk feared as the gods of old.  
But, lo! thy gods awaking, the deep drowse  
Of death their chief assuaged of quests and vows,  
And him, not disillusioned, thou didst fold.  
No dreams of gold of jeweled glebe now force  
Thy stream with ships adventuring; and though  
Thy yellowed opulence doth flow,  
'Tis not from stain of deep, corroded treasure.  
Imperial indolence is thine and pleasure  
Of hot, long listlessness and moody course.

## To a Mocking-Bird: From Taormina

THE nightingale has a golden heart,  
And a silver heart the wren;  
But, oh for me the bold, bright bird  
That sings with the heart of men!

His music is not of seas forlorn,  
His magic is not of tears;  
From titled throat his raptures float  
And tumble in laughter and jeers.

He does not cease when daylight dies,  
But he sings right on to the dark;  
The stars or moon may die or swoon,  
In the drip of the rain—O hark!

He does not cease when spring is done,  
And his mate with love is fled;  
A fairer thing than love or spring  
Is life. And the fall is red.

Sing, nightingales and silver wrens  
And fairy throats that can;  
But the bird I love is the darling bird  
With the free proud heart of a man.

## HAL M. PERKINS

For several years Mr. Perkins was a citizen of Senatobia. In 1913 he published a small volume entitled "Heart Songs and Other Poems."

## When I Depart

WHEN I bid thee farewell, let no burning tear-drops  
start.

When I've weighed life's anchor, or the corded  
cables part,—

No; when I am leaving, let there be no grieving,  
Nor heaving of the heart.

When my eyes no longer turn a loving look to thee,  
When my bark is drifting out upon the darkling sea,  
Let there be no wailing, when begins my sailing  
Over the unknown sea.

When I've passed the portals, gone beyond the har-  
bor light,

My mast the circle dipt, and my ship is lost to sight,  
Lament not the parting,—only, as I am starting,

Simply say:

*"Good-night!"*

## SUSAN THORNTON PRICE

Born in Hinds county, Miss., in 1838, Mrs. Price is now a resident of Texas, in which state she has been prominent in the work of the W. C. T. U. A collection of her verse was published in 1912, under the title "Sunset Vale and Other Poems."

## The Sunset Vale

MORNING and noon have passed and gone,  
My feet are in the sunset vale;  
I tread its mystic paths alone,  
And walk amid its shadows pale.  
Around my feet the sear leaves lie,  
Like joys and hopes they once were fair  
Around my head the bleak winds sigh,  
About my heart a weight of care.

Ah, busy life! I love thee yet,  
Thy music lingers still with me;  
Sometimes it breathes a vague regret,  
Sometimes the sweetest melody.  
Along the heights which I have passed,  
Its notes come floating down to me,  
And when my heart is overcast,  
Awakes the sweetest minstrelsy.

Ah, weary heart! sigh not for rest,  
Yield not thy soul to vain regret;  
I see a gleaming in the West,  
I know my sun will soon be set.  
Back on the hills a glorious light  
Illumes the darkness of the vale,  
Ah, setting sun; thy radiance bright,  
In death's deep shadows soon must pale.

I hear the surging of the waves,  
Of that majestic, mystic sea;  
To me its seething waters rave  
Of death and of eternity.  
The light of faith is beaming bright;  
Beyond that restless rolling sea  
A home of love, a home of light,  
A home of peace, awaiteth me.

## EVELYN M. PURVIS

Miss Purvis is a teacher. Her home is at Eden, Yazoo county. In 1902 she published a volume, "Poems."

## One of the Reapers

*Dedicated to John G. Paton, D.D., Missionary to the South  
Sea Islands*

THEY dwelt in loving confidence in a cot by the Scot-  
tish sea;  
She looked into his eyes and said: "A secret I've for  
thee;  
'Tis of a joy for which we both have yearned and  
prayed for long,  
It fills my days with gladness and my heart with  
sweet, new song;  
Within my being, strong and deep, a love so won-  
drous lives;  
For God, in answer to our prayer, a little child now  
gives.

"E'en now my thought grows strangely bold, in  
longing for the hour,  
When I shall clasp the little one, and feel the mighty  
power



Of mother-love grown deep; how sweet to bear the  
child, to be thy wife!

The little child will teach me more the meaning of  
my life."

They knelt that night together, not to pray for gold  
nor land,

But even then, to give their child, to God's own lov-  
ing hand,

To use for good to human kind: "Thou, Lord,  
mayst take Thine own;

For Thine it is, not ours: to us, it is from Thee a  
loan.

Then watch us, Lord, and give us grace to lead the  
child aright,

That, some day, unto heathen lands, he'll bear Thy  
Word of Light."

To-day, that child of theirs in power walks by the  
Southern Sea,

Like the son of humble Hannah, teacher and judge  
is he;

And angels o'er his reaping, sing praises from above,  
While the mother, watching it from heaven, is filled  
with thankful love.

## LULAH RAGSDALE

Miss Ragsdale is a resident of Brookhaven, and is a native of Mississippi. Her poems, though they have been contributed to leading magazines in the East and North, have never been published in book form, her only published book being a novel, "Miss Duleie from Dixie," which appeared in 1917.

## Impennate

BIRD in the lucent height,  
Cleaving the silver light  
With mounting wing,  
Why didst thou come my way?  
Thou hast disturbed my day;  
I, too, would sing.

Thou, with one passing strain,  
Thrilled with the pulse of pain,  
Yet sweet and strong,—  
Thou hast shamed all my art;  
Bird, thou hast hurt my heart,  
That aches with song.

Thou, Bird, afar canst fly,  
Poising in sapphire sky,  
Sick of Earth's sin:  
Folding thy wings so near  
Thou canst the heaven-harps hear,  
Losing Earth's din.

I, plodding day by day,  
Sing,—with my feet in clay,—  
Impotently.  
Music of upper spheres  
By drip of human tears  
Is drowned for me.

Bird, lost in far, fair shine,  
If once thy wings were mine,  
I'd sing thy strain.  
But give those wings to me  
Those songs would henceforth be  
Earthly and vain.

Birdling, one raptured day  
I shall be freed from clay,  
Wingèd as thou;  
Cleaving the crystal sky,  
As angels sing shall I,  
Songs I *dream* now.

### The Mother's Son

AH Son, my only one, my errant son,  
Who wanders somewhere on the earth's big breast—  
But who can say? to east or else to west,  
Whatever way the fever leads you on,  
And fearful of the straight-set eyes at home,  
The way-bound feet, that know no tingling need  
Of wide white road or sparkling open mead,  
Keeps silent lip to every pleading "Come"—

Your quiet mother, with the busy hands  
So full of duties' dull, uncolored thread,  
And feet that round and round the circle tread,  
Nor ever break its bound—she understands!

Hush! by the safe red hearth how oft at night  
Has she a-sudden listed in the wind  
The call—the call! and guilty, turned to find  
Calm eyes a-wonder at her look of flight.

Ah, son, who wanders as the wild wind blows,  
From what full vein you drew that vagrant blood,  
From what winged soul you took that tameless mood,  
Your mother, in her narrow boundary, knows.

### The Illiterate

JOHN'S paper crackles like a bean;  
Ann's novel back is bent;  
Irl holds his precious magazine;  
Dave has his Testament.  
Their faces wreathed around the light  
Like torches seem to me  
Who sits back in the room's half night—  
*I do not need to see!*

John mutters, "W-e-l-l—! that is the worst!  
This is a rotten age."  
But Irl is laughing fit to burst;  
Ann's eyes from page to page

Flash like two restless stars ablaze,  
And David pays no heed;  
He seems a-wandering Heaven's own ways—  
*I wonder what they read?*

There're things they know I have not heard;  
They're hid away from me.  
Locked fast in every printed word,  
And I—I have no key.  
I grope in dimness blank and cold—  
How do they know who've read?  
*Perhaps they have not even told  
Me all my Saviour said!*

I sit for hours when they're away,  
Their books within my hand;  
I stare, I strive, I strain, I pray  
So hard to understand.  
As if to eat the secret's heart  
My eyes the pages burn;  
But when I cry "Give me a start?"  
All smile, "TOO OLD TO LEARN!"

I'd burn each old eye to a coal;  
I'd work a-twenty year  
If I might, after death's dark roll,  
But stand my Saviour near  
And say, "My heart in darkness broke;  
Light came, dear Christ who bled,  
*And there is not one word you spoke,  
My own eyes have not read!"*



## JOHN W. ROBB, JR.

Mr. Robb was born at Raymond, Hinds county, in 1856, and died at Rosedale in 1878. He was an editor. A beautiful tribute to his memory may be found in the poems of Will H. Kernan.

## Come unto Me

WHEN darkness and sorrow encompass the mind,  
And Hope breaks the garland of flowers she twined;  
When friends have forsaken the heart they caressed;  
Oh, what may dispel the dark gloom in the breast?  
'Tis the voice of the Mighty speaks softly and free:  
"Ye weary and laden, oh! come unto me."

Dark winter of sorrow, unfeeling, may roll,  
And earthly misfortune sink deep on the soul,  
And life's timid billows may break o'er the breast,  
Till it longs for a haven, secure in its rest;  
Then, then to the spirit its comfort will be:  
"Ye weary and laden, oh! come unto me."

The pleasures of life are but fleeting at best,  
And sorrows, more lasting, still fade with the rest;  
Then why should the shadowy wings of despair  
E'er blight the sad spirit by hovering there?  
Far better to think beyond life's troubled sea  
There waits the sweet welcome: "Oh! come unto me."



'Tis the buoy of hope that will ride on the blast,  
And anchor in safety beyond them at last,  
Where no more the chill breath of the gale shall pursue,  
Nor clouds wrap the day's shining glory from view;  
Then fulfilled the glad spirit that promise shall see:  
"Ye weary and laden, oh! come unto me."

## EMMETT L. ROSS

This author was for many years the editor of a paper at Canton. The poem here reproduced was written in January, 1879, after the epidemic of yellow fever in 1878.

The Lieutenant Benners referred to in this poem was in the service of the United States, fell a victim to the fever, and died while trying to alleviate the sufferings of those already stricken by the plague.

## The Solid South

AWAKE! awake, O sluggish Muse!  
If only for a while.  
And tune my harp to Homer's lyre,—  
Blind bard of Scio's Isle,—  
That I may sing in fitting words  
Songs of enduring praise  
To willing hands and noble hearts  
Who in affliction's days,  
Poured out upon our sunny land  
Their stores of love and wealth  
That brought surcease to pestilence,  
And wooed back joyous health.

The Solid South pours out her heart this bright, this  
glad New Year,  
And sends a message to all men, and nations far and  
near;

A message draped with willow leaves, bedewed with  
holy tears  
Of widowed wife and orphaned child, sad youth,  
and tottering years;  
A message from her palaces, from cottage, hill, and  
glade,  
From council halls, from field and farm, and busy  
marts of trade;  
A message freighted down with love, with gratitude  
as great  
As ever waked a soul to arms, or bared a breast for  
State;  
A love that throbs in every heart, a gratitude that  
thrills,  
And breaks its bounds like waves that rush to sea  
from swelling rills.

Some mother bending o'er the tomb that holds her  
cherished boy,  
Some stricken wife beside the grave where rests her  
girlhood's joy,  
Some maiden weeping o'er the mound where troth  
and lover lie,  
Press back their sobs and in their prayers call bless-  
ings from on high  
Down on the heads, the hearts, the homes, of those  
whose helping hand  
Brought succor to our stricken ones and saved our  
suffering land.  
The Southron's hand that erstwhile drew his saber  
from its sheath

And dipped its blade in brother's blood to win the  
patriot's wreath,  
Now presses on a throbbing breast in pledge to self  
and God  
That Peace and Love shall ever reign where hostile  
armies trod.  
The fires of hate that lit his soul, nor sword nor  
gun could quell,—  
These yield to Love's bewitching wiles, to Love's all-  
conquering spell:  
Deep in his heart is writ the name, the pure un-  
selfish zeal  
Of him who dared the Saffron Foe, to conquer woe  
with weal.  
More holy task was never borne than that brave  
Benner tried;  
No loss more great, no grief more deep, than when  
brave Benner died;  
No gift in all the bounty sent, more rich, more rare  
in price,  
No words can compensate the boon,—our Nation's  
sacrifice!  
Ten million grateful hearts enshrine his memory in  
their breast,  
Ten million tongues his deed extol, invoke his spir-  
it's rest;  
A Solid South reveres his name, his valor unde-  
filed,—  
One common country's love will shield the Martyr's  
wife and child.

---

O Great Jehovah, King of Kings!  
Whose mighty hands control  
The fate of worlds, the works of men,  
And Time's unceasing roll,—  
Let blessings follow in the path  
Of Sorrow's fading tread;  
Let comfort come to those who mourn  
And weep above their dead;  
Pour down unmeasured blessings, Lord,  
Thy choicest and thy best,  
To crown our brothers of the North  
And far-off East and West;  
Blot out the lines that would divide  
And desecrate our sod;  
Bind close our States; give us one law,  
One Union, and one God!

## ERON OPHA ROWLAND

Mrs. Rowland is the wife of Dr. Dunbar Rowland, who has charge of the Mississippi Department of Archives and History. She has written many poems. She is a native of the state, and makes her home at Jackson.

## A Prayer for 1918

BE with us, Lord, we need Thy guidance sorely  
To point the rugged pathway this New Year;  
The road is steep and wrapped in blinding shadows,  
And but for Thee we would be filled with fear.

Grant that we bring Thee in our daily service  
No gift unworthy of our creed and race,  
And that our candles may be ever lighted  
At the clear flame of Thy pure altar-place.

Be with our men who fight for Truth and Justice,—  
Their beautiful, clear faces shine so bright  
That our poor eyes can scarcely stand the glory  
Of those who give themselves to die for Right.

Be very near, O God. Death lurks so closely;  
Though they are Thine, they are to us most dear;  
Fill them with strength to meet the foe in battle,  
And in dark hours take away their fear.



Be with our women; with a firm, pure purpose  
Before their tasks, oh, may they stand alway;  
Help them to keep the hearthstone warm and worthy  
Of that high cause for which men die to-day.

Be with them, Lord,—the brave and saintly mothers,  
As with hearts breaking 'neath their calm, pure  
eyes  
They climb Calvary's rough pathway, bringing  
Their beautiful, their own in sacrifice.

Be with us in the springtime of our sowing;  
Let no seed fall on unresponsive ground;  
Grant that of wheat and corn, to feed the hungry  
Of earth,—a full sufficiency be found.

Bind closer, Lord, each allied heart and spirit;  
On land and sea their noble strength increase;  
That they may free mankind from dark oppression  
And save Thy world for Liberty and Peace!

### Biloxi

BILOXI! other tongues may sing  
Of your rich stores and fresher bays,  
But all along your streets I feel  
The witchery of older days;  
Across yon blue gulf's restless waves  
The white-winged questing ships advance,  
And from each masthead proudly streams  
The lillied banners of fair France.

Far-led by dreams that to the last  
Bright fantasy have been fulfilled,  
Bold heroes came with hope elate,  
New thrones and empires vast to build:

Here by this sheltered, land-locked bay,  
A kingdom great, whose realms reached where  
The Rockies rear their cold white brows,  
Was planted 'mid wild flowers fair;  
Here where a savage people's hope  
But dimly lit the paths they trod,  
Diviner love and holier faith  
Raised altars to the living God.

Through risk and loss the dream was hugged;  
With snare and lure and mock it spread  
Its mirage fair for those who won,  
For others feast and vintage red;  
But every high, heroic deed  
Of those who starved and perished here  
Makes sweeter still a people's hope  
Of peace and freedom void of fear.

Time has, in vain, O City, sought  
With veer and shift and brazen glare  
To dim the glory of your youth,  
To raze its wall and temple fair;  
But while these waves break on your shores  
Your legends will delight the heart,  
Your venturous, chivalrous days  
Be of yourself the nobler part.

---

Men will not let your glory fade,  
Your olden charm still binds them fast;  
Far dearer than rare gems they hold  
The ancient emblems of your past;  
Your history lives in every bloom  
That stars your vales and shores and meres;  
Its luster will forever gild  
The garnered treasures of your years.

## IRWIN RUSSELL

Born at Port Gibson, Claiborne county, in 1853, Russell died at New Orleans in 1879. Sadly afflicted physically, his life was a pitiable and forlorn one. He was educated at a Catholic school at St. Louis; went to New York to engage in literary work; returned South, and spent his last years in New Orleans. After his death a volume of his poems was published; but it is doubtful whether it contains all his verses.

## Nebuchadnezzar

You, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!

Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?

I'd hab you fur to know, sah,

I's a-holdin' ob de lines.

You better stop dat prancin';

You's pow'ful fond ob dancin',

But I'll bet my yeahs advancin'

Dat I'll cure you ob yo' shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out;

Fus' t'ing you know you'll fin' out

How quick I'll wear dis line out

On your ugly, stubbo'n back.

You needn't try to steal up

And lif' dat precious heel up;

You's got to plow dis fiel' up,—

You has, sah, fur a fac'.

Dar, dat's de way to do it.  
He's comin' right down to it;  
Jes watch him plowin' troo it.

Dis nigger ain't no fool.  
Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;  
Now dat would only heat him,—  
I know jes how to treat him:  
You mus' reason wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger.  
If he wuz only bigger  
He'd fotch a mighty figger,  
He would, I tell you. Yes, sah.  
See how he keeps a-clickin'.  
He's as gentle as a chickin'  
And nebber thinks o' kickin',—  
Whoa, dar, Nebuchadnezzah!

Is dis heah me, or not me?  
Or is de debbil got me?  
Wuz dat a cannon shot me?  
Hab I laid heah more'n a week?  
Dat mule do kick amazin'.  
De beast wuz sp'iled in raisin'—  
But now I 'spect he's grazin'  
On de oder side de creek.



## Selling a Dog

H'YAR, Pot-liquor! What you at? You heah me  
callin' you?

H'yar, sah! Come an' tell dis little gemmen  
howdy-do!

Dar, sah, *ain't* dat puppy jes as fat as he kin roll?  
Maybe you won't b'liebe it, but he's only six mon's  
ol'!

'Coon dog? Lord! young marster, he's jes at 'em all  
de while;

I b'liebe dat he kin smell a 'coon fur half-a-mile.

I don't like to sell him, fur he's wuf his weight in  
gol';

If *you* didn't want him, sah, he nebber *should* be sol'.

If you takes him off wid you, I'll feel like I wuz lost.  
He's de bes' young fightin'-dog I ebber come acrost.  
Jes look at dem eyes, young marster; what a sab-  
bage face!—

He won't let no stranger nigger come about de place.

*You* know Henry Wilson's Bob, dat whipped your  
fader's Dan?

Pot-liquor jes chucked dat dog so bad he couldn't  
stan'!

Well, sah, if you wants him, now I'll tell you what  
I'll do,—

You can hab him fur a dollar, seein' how it's *you*.



Now, marster Will, you *knows* it,—he's wuf mo'n  
dat, a heap;

R'al'y, I's a-doin' wrong to let him go so cheap.  
Don't you tell nobody, now, what wuz de price you  
paid—

My ol' woman gwine to gib me fits, sah, I's afraid!

T'anks you, sah! Good-mornin' sah! You tell yo'  
ma, fur me,

I has got de fines' turkeys dat she ebber see;  
Dey is jes as good as any pusson ebber eat,  
If she wants a *gobbler*, let her sen' to uncle Pete.

Dar! I's done got rid ob dat ar wretched dog at las'!  
Drownin' time wuz comin' fur him mighty precious  
fas'!

Sol' him fur a dollar,—well! An' goodness knows  
de pup  
Isn't wuf de powder it'd take to blow him up!

### The Origin of the Banjo

Go 'way, fiddle! folks is tired o' hearing you  
a-squawkin';

Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah de  
banjo talkin'?

About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—la-  
dies, listen!—

About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is  
missin':

“Dar’s gwine to be a’ oberflow,” said Noah, lookin’ solemn—

Fur Noah tuk the *Herald*, an’ he read de ribber column,—

An’ so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl’arin’ timber-patches,

An’ ’lowed he gwine to build a boat to beat the steamah *Natchez*.

Ol’ Noah kep’ a-nailin’ an’ a-chippin’ an’ a-sawin’:  
An’ all de wicked neighbors kep’ a-laughin’ an’ a-pshawin’;

But Noah didn’t min’ ’em, knowin’ whut wuz gwine to happen:

An’ forty days an’ forty nights de rain it kep’ a-drappin’.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort ob beas’es,—

Ob all de shows a-trabbelin’, it beat ’em all to pieces!  
He had a Morgan colt an’ seberal head ob Jarsey cattle,—

An’ druv ’em ’board de Ark as soon’s he heard de thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain!—it come so awful hebby,

De ribber riz immejitly, an’ busted troo de leebbee;  
De people all wuz drownded out, ’cep’ Noah an’ de critters,

An’ men he’d hired to work de boat,—an’ one to mix de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' *an'* a-sailin'!  
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';  
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; tell, whut  
wid all de fussin',  
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun'  
an' cussin'.

Now, Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de  
packet,  
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stan'  
de racket;  
An' so, fur to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood  
an' bent it,  
An' soon he had a banjo made,—de fust dat wuz  
invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an'  
screws, an' aprin;  
An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an'  
tap'rin';  
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to  
ring it;  
An' den de mighty question riz: How wuz he gwine  
to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';  
De ha'r's so long an' thick an' strong,—des fit fur  
banjo-stringin';  
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day-dinner  
graces;  
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to  
basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig,—'twuz "Neb-  
ber min' de wedder,"—  
She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all to-  
gedder;  
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin': Noah called  
de figgers;  
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob  
niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not  
de slightes' showin'  
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin':  
An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways: his people neb-  
ber los' 'em—  
Fur whar you finds de nigger,—dar's de banjo an'  
de 'possum!

### An Exchange

DEATH seizeth not the soul;  
When life is past control,—  
No power left to hold it,  
When we have lost or sold it,—  
Why care we for the loss of lives  
Of suffering and sinning,  
Well knowing that, for what survives,  
A life is just beginning?

So, when our day arrives,  
Why cling we to our lives?  
Though they be clean and fair,  
Or stained with sin and care,

The bargain cannot be adverse;  
    An old life for a new one;  
Death cannot make a false soul worse,  
    Or ever change a true one.

## EDMUND G. SHANNON

Mr. Shannon is a lawyer who makes his home in the city of Jackson. In 1912 he published a volume of verse, "Along the Highway," The Neale Publishing Company, New York.

## Two Little Maids

LAST year four stockings hung at the hearth,  
Where now there hang but two;  
For two in the attic are folded away,  
Each in its little shoe.

Up in the attic, cold and alone,  
There's a doll with a broken leg,  
That stares in the dark at a little blue dress  
Hung on a wooden peg.

One little red dress doffed for the night  
To be donned on Christmas day;  
Two little knees at the bedside bent,  
Two chubby hands folded to pray.

One little girl lisping her prayers,  
Looking up with eyes of brown,  
One little girl that heavenward went,  
With blue eyes looking down.



## BARNARD SHIPP

Born in Natchez in 1813, Mr. Shipp died in Florida a few years ago. He was educated in Vermont, and adopted the profession of teaching. He was the author of two volumes: "Fame and Other Poems" and "The Progress of Freedom and Other Poems," the one published in 1843, the other in 1852. He was also the author, or compiler, of two or more prose works.

Concluding Lines of Poem "Reflections  
on the Year 1848"

MAY this New Year to earth new blessings bring,  
New hopes and pleasures as the buds of spring;  
And these new fruits for future nations bear,  
Who shall our triumphs and our bounties share.  
May hallowed Peace her heavenly influence shed,  
Where'er the footsteps of our race shall tread;  
And teach mankind there's bliss for mortals here,  
Which Heaven will sanction in their wise career;  
And still impart with an unbounded grace  
To all the offspring of the human race.  
May Wisdom guide and Justice rule the world;  
The sword be sheathed, the bloody standard furled;  
Fair Commerce prosper, and productive Art;  
New cities rise, and flourish every mart;  
Young Freedom's reign to earth's extreme extend;  
Oppression cease, and wars for ever end!

## J. AUGUSTINE SIGNAIGO

For several years following the Civil War Mr. Signaigo was prominent as an editor in Mississippi. Many of his poems were published in the Memphis papers. His home was in Grenada, where he was editor of the local newspaper.

## On the Heights of Mission Ridge

WHEN the foes, in conflict heated,  
Battled over road and bridge,  
While Bragg sullenly retreated  
From the heights of Mission Ridge,—  
There, amid the pines and wildwood,  
Two opposing colonels fell,  
Who had schoolmates been in childhood,  
And had loved each other well.

There, amid the roar and rattle,  
Facing Havoc's fiery breath,  
Met the wounded two in battle,  
In the agonies of death.  
But they saw each other reeling  
On the dead and dying men,  
And the old time, full of feeling,  
Came upon them once again.

When that night the moon came creeping,  
With its gold streaks, o'er the slain,  
She beheld two soldiers, sleeping,  
Free from every earthly pain.  
Close beside the mountain heather,  
Where the rocks obscure the sand,  
They had died, it seems, together,  
As they clasped each other's hand.

## J. F. SIMMONS

Mr. Simmons was for many years a resident of Sardis, where he was engaged in newspaper work. For a time he held the office of Chancellor. He was the author of two books of verse, "The Welded Link and Other Poems" and "Rural Lyrics."

## The Undecorated Graves

AH, many a fallen hero sleeps  
Among the valleys, hills, and plains,  
O'er whom no eye fond vigil keeps,  
Though mem'ry's casket still retains  
Each well loved name, and o'er it weeps,  
And will while love or life remains.

When springtime, with its fragrance, comes,  
And smiling woods and fields are clad  
In brightest buds and sweetest blooms,  
And nature joyous seems and glad,  
Naught then should darken loving homes;  
Yet lingers still one mem'ry sad:

We seek the spot where loved ones sleep—  
Our cherished, unforgotten dead,  
Whose mem'ries still we fondly keep,  
And o'er them sweetest blossoms spread,  
Which tell of love, sincere and deep,  
For each one in his lowly bed.

And then we turn, with deep-drawn sigh,  
With mind oppressed and saddened heart,  
With laden breath and drooping eye,  
From which the heavy tear-drops start,  
And think of other friends who lie  
In graves unknown and far apart.

We think of those, and think with pain,—  
Which time has given calmer tone,—  
That, though they fell on hill and plain  
Where they their heroism had shown,—  
Fell bravely, 'mong the hapless slain,—  
Their graves, alas, are all unknown!

In summer morning's misty light,  
While dew the tender herbage laves,  
Or through the spring day, softly bright,  
While corn its silken tassels waves,  
The cattle in their dumb delight,  
Browse o'er those long-neglected graves.

And yet the sleepers all were true;  
No truer, braver men than they;  
Brave those who wore the Union blue  
And those who wore the Southern gray;  
Though we may know not,—never knew,—  
Where they are sleeping, far away.

My loving muse would, for those braves,—  
For all, and not my friends alone,  
Glad that one banner only waves  
And fratricidal war is done,—  
A tribute spread upon the graves  
Undecorated and unknown.



## ALBERTA ODELL SMITH

Mrs. Smith is a resident of Jackson, in which city she is prominent both in social life and in the various activities of the Women's Clubs.

## The Mother

I WONDER if the Virgin wore  
A soft and faded gown,  
I wonder if her eyes were blue,  
And if her hair was brown;

I wonder if she sat and held  
Her child upon her breast,  
And gazed with eyes so sad and sweet,  
Upon the golden West;

I wonder if she thought so deep  
She did not seem to hear  
The other children playing 'round,  
Though they were very near;

I wonder if she pressed her lips  
Upon His shining hair,  
As if she thought that she could hide  
Their gentle trembling there;



I wonder if she sat quite still  
Out where the air was sweet,  
As mother sometimes sits and holds  
Our Ted with twisted feet.

---

I cannot see Sweet Mary's face  
Although I try my best;  
I only see how Mother looks,  
With Teddy on her breast.

## STEVE W. SMITH

This author—a Mississippian by birth—died at Guntown in 1917. He was a teacher. His volume of verse, "Rhymes," was published in 1912.

## My Four Little Scamps

WHEN came to me, in years gone by,  
A jewel bearing Heaven's stamp,  
My heart rejoiced as I looked on  
Each beautiful little scamp.

During the time they've been with me,  
Wherever I've pitched my camps,  
I've smiled their happiness to see,  
And loved my four little scamps.

The dark clouds are over me now,  
Soon must I, like earth-tired tramps,  
To the mighty King of Shadows bow  
And leave my four little scamps.

When, at the close of my life's day,  
The Death Angel lights the lamps,  
With my last, dying breath I'll pray:  
"God bless my four little scamps."

## OLIVIA TULLY THOMAS

The best known poem by Olivia Tully Thomas, "A Southern Republic," is too long for insertion here. It was very popular during the Civil War. The poem here published first appeared in the *Grenada Picket*.

## "When Peace Returns"

WHEN "war has smoothed his wrinkled front,"  
And meek-eyed peace returning,  
Has brightened hearts that long were wont  
To sigh in grief and mourning—  
How blissful then will be the day  
When, from the wars returning,  
The weary soldier wends his way  
To dear ones that are yearning,

To clasp in true love's fond embrace,  
To gaze with looks so tender  
Upon the war-worn form and face  
Of Liberty's defender;  
To count with pride each cruel scar,  
That mars the manly beauty,  
Of him who proved so brave in war,  
So beautiful in duty.

And when, again, in Southern bowers  
The ray of peace is shining,  
Her maidens gather fairest flowers,  
And honor's wreaths are twining,  
To bind the brows victorious  
On many a field so gory,  
Whose names, renowned and glorious,  
Shall live in song and story,

Then will affection's tear be shed,  
And pity's, joy restraining,  
For those, the lost, lamented dead,  
Who are beyond our plaining;  
They fell in manhood's prime and might;  
And we should not weep the story  
That tells of Fame, a sacred light,  
Above each grave of glory!

## ADA REEDY VANCE

Mrs. Vance was born in Alabama, but in childhood moved to Mississippi, making her home at Lexington. Sketches of her may be found in "Women of the South Distinguished in Literature," by Mary Forrest, and in Davidson's "Living Writers of the South."

## Death by the Wayside

THIS life is stranger than the tales we read,  
Or dreams that poets have ere yet they sleep;  
If truth were written we would have no need  
To turn to fiction when we wish to weep.  
If we might place the ear close to each heart  
And hear the dull pulsation grief has stirred,  
No swift compulsion enmity might start  
Could force the lips to frame an unkind word.

You may have tears,—I do not ask them now;  
Enough of these have been already shed  
For him who wore perchance as fair a brow  
As ever found repose amid the dead.  
His was a face that one would strive to read,  
And then rejoice to find the task in vain;  
Because a failure brought the pleasant need  
Of looking on those features once again.

And yet when joy or passion's tide ran high  
    There was a sudden flush—a fever breath;  
A restless flashing of the brilliant eye  
    That told of madness, or an early death;  
That something which the heart cannot define,  
    But knowing fears,—and fearing loves the more.  
We know a heart in love with things divine  
    Oft finds the earth no hospitable shore.

But to my story, and it should be brief  
    As that young life it dares to speak of here,  
Or yet despair may whisper through a grief  
    That long since shed its last remaining tear.  
He left his home and sought another sky,  
    Perhaps as blue, but, oh! not half so kind,  
As one that held its stars serenely high  
    Above the troubled hearts that watched behind.

But from the depths of that unholy wild  
    Unto his home he never came again,  
For Fate pursued the footsteps of her child,  
    And eyes that watched his coming, watched in  
    vain.

In the cold bosom of that stranger land  
    There is a grave from other graves apart;  
On God's green earth there is a blood-red hand  
    Stained with the crimson of that high young  
    heart.



And this is all. The fearful cloud of wrath  
That folds within the lightning's fiery breath,  
With burning eye marks out its downward path,  
And in one moment scatters it with death.  
The stars may come with evening's tranquil air;  
And beam as brightly as their wont before,  
But from some fragrant bower we've reared with  
care  
Is snatched a fragrant flower that blooms no  
more.

O ye who have a brother,—lover,—friend,  
Faint on the threshold of an unknown land,  
If ye may come and o'er that death-couch bend,  
And close the eyes and fold the nerveless hand,  
Ye have no cause for tears. He might have died,  
His fair brow pressed to some unholy sod,  
With none to weep, and none to watch beside,—  
Save one whose steel had sent that soul to God.

## JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

The author of the following poem was born in Mississippi in 1838. She died in 1917. She wrote several novels and books of sketches.

## My Litany

FROM envy of those whom God has blest  
With all that this world can give at its best,  
Good Lord, deliver me.

From vision so dim it can see but a cloud  
Enwrapping the world in a sinister shroud,  
Good Lord, deliver me.

From hatred and malice,—Cain's dark brood,  
Who can see nothing bright, know nothing good,—  
Good Lord, deliver me.

From a heart grown hard with struggle long  
In the battle of life, which is to the strong,  
Good Lord, deliver me.

From a folding of hands and a standing still  
To whimper feebly about "God's will,"  
Good Lord, deliver me.

From watching afar,—while the race is run,  
The race that my soul and I could have won,—  
    Good Lord, deliver me.

From the blighting of hopes in life's broken plan,  
From saying "I can't," when I had said "I can,"  
    Good Lord, deliver me.

From a looking backward with cowardly mien  
To the endless pain of what might have been,—  
    Good Lord, deliver me!

## WILLIAM WARD

William Ward was born in Connecticut in 1823, and died at Macon, Noxubee county, in 1887. He came to Mississippi before he was grown; lived for a time at Columbus, and in 1850, or thereabouts, went to Macon, where he made his home until his death. In 1870 he became the editor of a paper at Macon, *The Beacon*; his connection with this paper continuing until he died. For a period that covered many years he contributed poems to the leading papers both North and South.

## The Dying Year

THE year is dying as the dolphin dies,  
Not with the ashen hue,  
Death's signal color, ere the fading eyes  
See dimly, darkly through  
The waxen lids. No pallor creeps along  
The earth and sky; no tone  
Floats through the air like a funeral song,  
Or like a dying groan.

The warm rich sunlight gilds the autumn trees  
Whose gorgeous tints are spread,  
Each toning each, and fringed with heraldries  
Of purple, gold, and red.  
The crimson myrtle burns upon its stem  
As though a heart of fire,  
The yellow maple, like an oriflamme,  
Lifts up its banner higher.

The oak is rich with russet, bronze, and brown,  
And there a purple crest  
Gleams o'er the forest like a lifted crown  
Some color-god has blest.  
Loosed by the frost, the sumac's pallid leaves  
Like yellow lance-heads fall,  
While lights and shadows ever shifting weave  
A net-work over all.

O queenly autumn! though you proudly lead  
The old year to its death,  
A glory comes and goes where'er you tread  
With every dying breath,  
The year is dying,—dying as a king  
Dies in his purple. Now  
His shroud is woven, and its colors fling  
A glory o'er his brow.

## CATHERINE ANNE WARFIELD

Mrs. Warfield was born in Natchez in 1816, and died near Louisville, Kentucky, in 1877. With her sister, Eleanor Percy Lee, she published two books of verse—"The Wife of Leon and Other Poems" and "The Indian Chamber and Other Poems." During the Civil War and in the years that followed, Mrs. Warfield wrote many stirring Southern poems. Between 1860 and the time of her death she published ten or more novels.

## I Have Seen This Place Before

I HAVE seen this place before—  
'Tis a strange, mysterious truth;  
Yet my foot hath never pressed this shore,  
In childhood or in youth;  
I know these ruins gray,  
I know these cloisters dim—  
My soul hath been in these walls away,  
When slumber chains each limb.

In a dream, a midnight dream,  
I have stood upon this heath,  
And beyond this blue and winding stream,  
And the lonely vale beneath;



The same dark sky was there,  
With its bleak shade on my brow,  
The same deep feeling of despair  
That clings about me now.

Friend, 'tis a fearful spell,  
That binds these ruins gray;  
Why came my spirit here to dwell,  
When my frame was far away?  
Can the wild and soaring soul  
Go out on its eagle sweep,  
And traverse earth without control,  
While the frame is wrapped in sleep?

Hath memory caught a gleam  
From a life whose term is o'er,  
And borne it back in that mystic dream—  
Say, have I lived before?  
Or was prophetic power  
To that midnight vision lent?  
Is my fate bound up in this ruined tower?  
Speak! thou art eloquent.

## JENNIE NOONAN WHELESS

Mrs. Wheless, the author of a volume of poems entitled "The Wayside Flower," is a resident of Yazoo City.

## Faint-Hearted

THEY linger out on the vine-wreathed porch,  
Where clambering roses grow,  
Where the moonlight slips through dancing leaves,  
With the shadows that come and go;  
While the night is rare with the jasmine's breath,  
And gently the breezes blow.

He envies the zephyrs that boldly touch  
The waves of her soft, brown hair,  
And the moonbeam seeking her rounded cheek,  
Caressing the dimple there;  
But he only says the day has been long,  
And the evening is wondrous fair.

He thinks, as her girlish laughter rings,  
That never the song of bird  
Was filled with such rippling melody,  
And dear is her every word;  
But he only says the sounds of the night  
Are the sweetest he ever heard.

He notes each charm of her changeful face,  
And he wonders if her clear eyes  
Discover that Love is standing near,  
Though he lurks in a coward's guise;  
And his own heart weakens in sudden fear,  
And he falters in his replies.

O poor, little, timorous, trembling god!  
Lay down your arrows and bow.  
No weapons are needed to vanquish him,  
Who dreads neither peril nor foe,  
But who stands afraid of a slender maid,  
As she smiles in the moonlight's glow.

## STARK YOUNG

Stark Young was born at Como, Panola county, in 1881, and was educated at the University of Mississippi. For a time he held a chair in the University of Texas; at present, however, he is a member of the faculty of Amherst College, Amherst, Mass. He is the author of three volumes: "The Blind Man at the Window," "Guenevere," and "Addio, Madretta, and Other Plays."

## Love and Sleep

A SILENT castle on a gloaming hill,  
Dark cypresses against a sky that fades,  
And drowsy homing birds that circling fill  
The air with wings, from out the shades  
Chirps and low flutterings and the stir of leaves,  
The droning choir of flies above the moat,  
Dull-dropping water and a pasture bell,  
Lone calling dove with sorrow-laden throat,  
I thought on all but sleep wrought not her spell.  
Then came a blank before mine eyes, a flight,  
And lo! I saw a fairer land, the moon,  
Watched o'er a pathless sky of summer night,  
And one sang softly that the hills did swoon,  
And drew her nearer and smiled and beckoned  
me—  
And then I knew I slept and dreamed of thee.

## Sonnet

I SAW a blind man at his window sitting  
At dusk, and always his poor eager face  
Turned upward where the sweepers voiced the  
space  
And rustled all the dim air with their flitting.  
He could not see the wind move o'er the ground,  
Nor the faint yellow light upon the hill,  
But only leaned his poor hands on the sill  
To draw the lovely evening from the sound.  
Dear God, within this window to the sky,  
From shadowed chamber of our life we watch,  
Likewise eager and blind, and haply catch  
Now airy strain or angel wing brushed by,  
Or silence rich from the glory of thy day,  
And, sightless, only hear and feel and pray.

## Reaper's Song

THE sunlight breaks across the waste,  
And lights the purple-shadowed fen,  
Oho, my reapers, reapers, wake,  
And swing the scythe with me again!

What though to merchants be the gain,  
And labour starve to fatten trade,  
To richen us the golden sheaves  
And music of the clanging blade.

What though the money make the man,  
And conscience knuckle in to wrong,  
To us the majesty of toil,  
And God within the sunrise song.

So up, my reapers, with the sun,  
And follow me across the fen,  
Oho, my reapers, reapers wake,  
And swing the scythe with me again!

### The Choice of Death

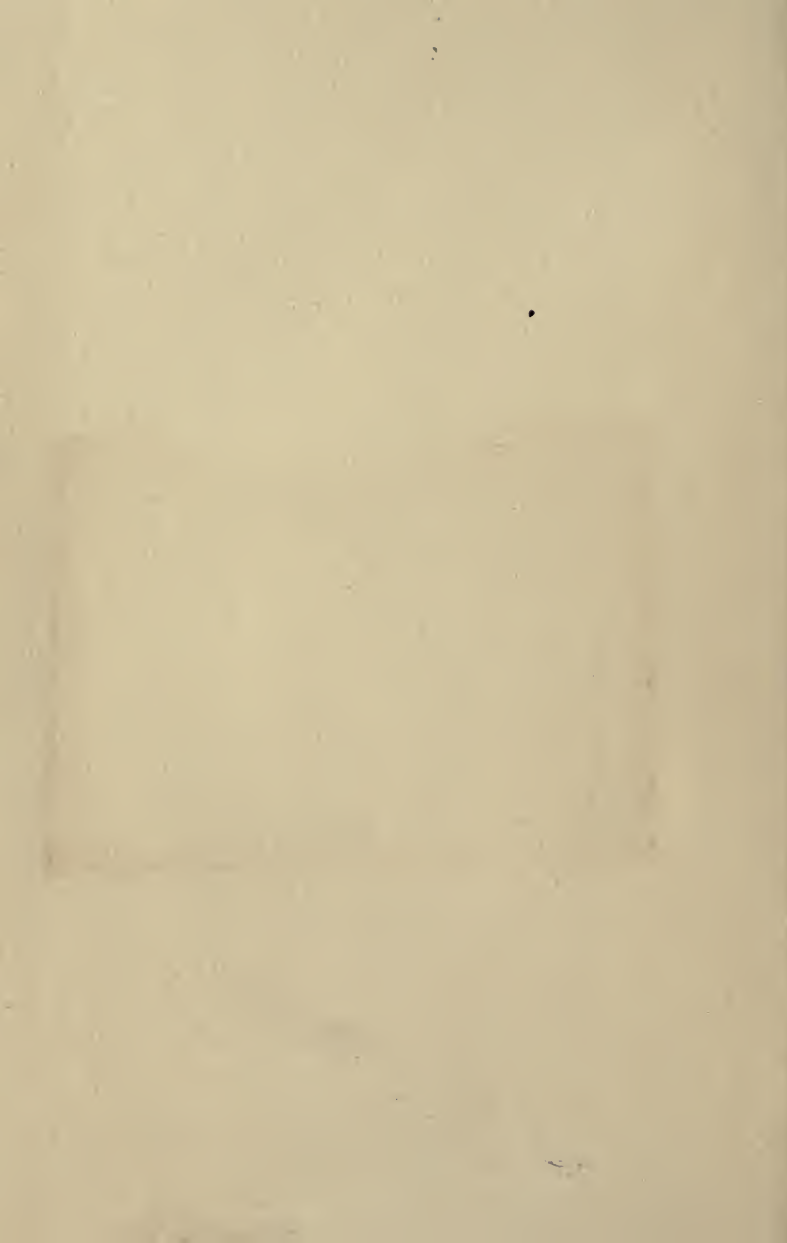
IN the deep night to fall asleep  
With thee in dreams beside me here!  
Beyond thy face I see the fields  
In shadowy starlight far and near,  
Beyond thy breath I hear the wind  
Move far-off like some wanderer  
That with his soaring passion sets  
The wide wings of the world astir.  
To look at last on thy still face  
Even as the dark seals up mine eyes  
And keep thee yet, though I shall walk  
Amid the stars of Paradise.











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